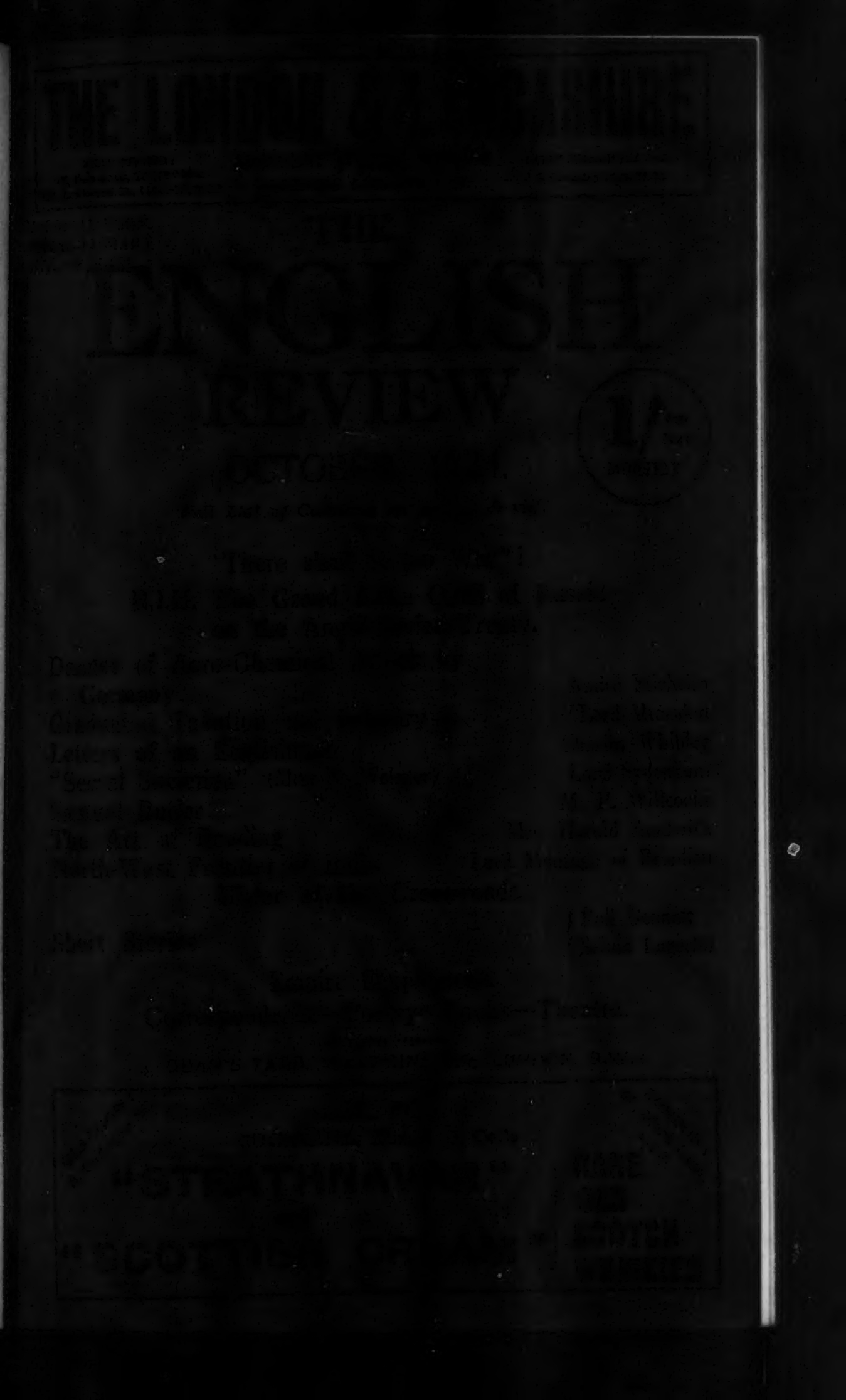

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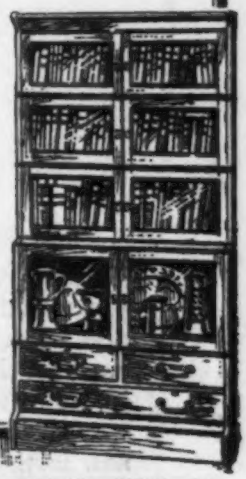

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1924.

Correspondence

Education in Conservatism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—As one who firmly believes in Conservatism as a potent instrument of radical reform, I welcome your advocacy of concentration upon first principles and essential questions of policy. In my view the danger of yielding to the temptation to outbid the Collectivists in the matter of platform promises is a very real one.

One could have wished that the Conservative leaders had before now instituted a scheme of educative lectures; but it would appear that for this they have not found a very strong demand in the provincial organisations. Unfortunately, in many constituencies the apathy towards political and economic questions is so great that in despair some ardent spirits have concluded that the only means by which interest can be aroused is to launch a gaudy programme that will charm the eyes and tickle the ears of the groundlings.

A long and intimate experience of working people in various parts of the country convinces me that, with a reasonable knowledge and appreciation of political issues, the mass of the working classes are conservative at heart; and that a well-reasoned appeal by Conservatism —as much for recognition of their responsibilities as for satisfaction of their rights and liberties—is bound to succeed. Conservatism, moreover, stands for security and stability and the unity of the Empire, and every elector who thinks will not be deceived by visionaries who attempt to induce us to leave what substance we have to pursue shadows.

There is a passage in a letter from Mr. Gladstone to the Duke of Argyll (September 30th, 1885) which I think is a fitting comment upon our own time: "I deeply deplore," he writes, "the oblivion into which public economy has fallen; the prevailing disposition to make a luxury of panics which multitudes seem to enjoy as they would a sensational novel or a highly seasoned cookery, and the leaning of both parties to Socialism which I radically disapprove."

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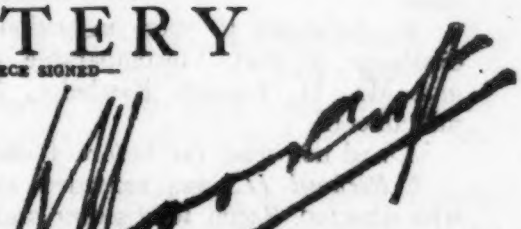

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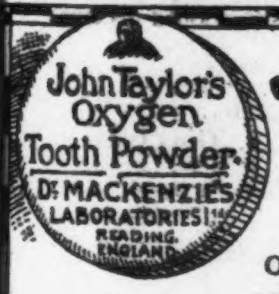

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show the fundamental bases of our national and Imperial well-being. These will never be found in Collectivist theories. On the contrary, Collectivism would sacrifice individual and national identity by absorption in a so-called international brotherhood.

In Maeterlinck's play *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde*, there is a moving talk between the Burgomaster and his children, wherein he, as he embraces them, tells of his longing for the intimate interview, observing that even Otto, his daughter's German husband, is not really one of themselves. In this is finely exhibited the germ of true patriotism. It begins with home, but flowers into love of one's township, county and country.

One other point. As a Conservative I have no use for an apologetic Conservatism. *Toujours l'audace!* The trimmers and opportunists who wangle with sectional and delegated legislation have ever to be on the watch with the object of conciliating and placating the interests upon which they depend. Conservatism must stand for unifying and healing.

I am, etc.,
J. LESLIE MACCALLUM.

The "Bacon" Myth. The Challengers Challenged

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—Best thanks—with due reservations—for copy of your August issue.

In deference to your suggestion that I might care to take up the challenge of that "incomparable pair," Lord Sydenham of Combe and Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor, I felt it my duty to read their indictment.

I had not read far before I came upon the following:—

"*Richard II.* was regarded as treasonable by Queen Elizabeth, who directed Bacon to discover and punish the author. No suspicion fell on 'Shakespeare,' and Bacon acquitted the author of treason, but convicted him of 'felony' for stealing from Tacitus."

Now, if Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor, who wish to be taken seriously, are able to substantiate this statement, I am ready to enter the lists against them, lest their alleged "host of facts" should deceive your innocent readers.

Ex uno disce omnes.

I am, etc.,
I. GOLLANCZ.

Barricane, Woolacombe, N. Devon, Aug. 18, 1924.

"The Challengers Challenged"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—We regret that Sir Israel Gollancz should have been checked at almost the first fence in the series of obstacles which we challenge Shakespearean pundits to negotiate as a proof of their sincerity. It may assist him if we recall the fact that Bacon, in his *Apologia*, referring to something which Queen Elizabeth regarded as seditious, wrote as follows:—

> "She had a good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered for treason, surely I found none, but for felony very many. And when Her Majesty asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English, and put them into his text."

(Bacon tells the same story in his *Apothegms*.)

Now, Sir Israel may claim that this verdict of "felony" relates only to Dr. Hayward's pamphlet, based on *Richard II.*, and not to that play itself; but Bacon says he remembered this answer to the Queen as made in connection with

> "a matter which had some affinity with my Lord of Essex's cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names."

It is perfectly fair to suggest that Bacon, in his reminiscent *Apologia*, had motives for desiring to confuse the pamphlet and the play. Sir Israel can hardly be unaware that Bacon, writing on the drama, quoted a striking passage from Tacitus, and that the author of *Hamlet* obviously made use of this passage.

We readily admit that we cannot prove that "no suspicion fell on 'Shakespeare'"; but, according to the myth, this person must have been regarded as the greatest author of historical plays; and, if he had been suspected, Sir Sidney Lee would surely have discovered and made much of the suspicion.

After this substantiation, we earnestly hope that Sir Israel Gollancz will be found "ready to enter into the lists" against us, especially as this particular point is relatively of minor importance, and his convenient dictum, "*Ex uno disce omnes*," is manifestly inapplicable.

In his preface to the *Tempest*, which is a peculiarly Baconian play, he stated, with evident conviction:—

> "Shakespeare's own copy with his autograph is in the British Museum."

He must surely desire a public opportunity for withdrawing this characteristically Stratfordian assertion, for which there is not the smallest foundation, as he could easily have ascertained.

We are, etc.,

SYDENHAM OF COMBE.
H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

September 5.

A Canadian View of Unemployment and Tariffs

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—I have often been asked what Canadians think of Protection, and of its applicability to conditions in the Old Land. As an outsider I hesitate to express any opinion, for the issue rests with the British people themselves. I may, however, be pardoned if I submit some suggestions for consideration.

The question is solely what is best for the British people. The interests of Canada and of other parts of the Empire must at present be ignored.

In Britain the discussion is usually approached from the standpoint of the cost of living. I will have something to say on that later, but your real problem is, I take it, not how those who have money may receive the best value for it, but how those who have no money may obtain employment and earn wages. You must consider not only those who have, but those who have not, or have not enough. Cheap goods mean little to persons who are unable to buy them.

How can your unemployed get work? Most of Europe is disorganised, but, even if that were not so, your markets there, and in other foreign countries, are restricted by hostile tariffs. In all parts of the world local manufacturers are now producing many of the articles formerly bought from Britain. What can be done?

If we talk generalities, we will be answered by theories. Let us take a concrete case. Extensive alterations became necessary in the London building of the company with which I am connected. The architectural specifications sent to us required that certain important materials should be of a special American manufacture. We replied that, in view of the unemployment in Britain, we could not consent to this money being spent abroad, and insisted that articles made in Britain be substituted. Now, let us ask, will the filling of this order give employment to some British workmen? It will. Why, then, should that employment be given to men in the United States? There are other articles by the thousand for which British orders are being sent week after week to foreign countries, thus giving to foreign workmen that employment which your own men so badly need.

But how can this employment be kept at home? Here the principle of Protection comes in. A protective tariff would require that every person in Britain who has money to spend, whether that money be from interest, rents or wages, must either spend it on home-made goods, and thus give employment to his fellow citizens, or contribute something to the revenue of the Government as a Customs charge.

If I were addressing a British audience, I should purchase in British shops samples of foreign-made articles of the kind produced in the constituency. I should show these, and ask: "Are any of you

or your friends out of work? Would it help you if all these things were manufactured in your midst? If so, send a candidate to Parliament who will vote for legislation that will require that this be done."

I will be told that a tax on food might be a hardship. You need not tax such articles, but do not make the mistake of assuming that, because it may be unwise to tax certain imports, it would be unwise to tax any. Every article should be considered separately. Begin with manufactures, especially luxuries. Why should a rich man, or any man, import free of duty manufactured luxuries when his neighbours are in desperate need of the work which the production of such articles could supply?

Which articles should be taxed and which should not you must decide for yourselves. To stimulate thought, I submit for consideration a few items taken from a list of imports:—

> Wine, beer and liquors; manufactures of cotton, linen, silk, wool, jute, hair, rubber or leather; rugs and carpets; millinery; ribbons; hats; cloaks, dresses and garments; gloves; furs; feathers; stationery; playing cards; fountain pens; pianos, organs and musical instruments, gramophones and records; jewellery; watches and clocks; machinery; railway equipment; iron and steel ware; wire and wire goods; silver, bronze, copper, brass and tin ware; cutlery; automobiles; carriages; cement; builders' and plumbers' supplies; firearms and explosives; office safes; typewriters and supplies; cash registers; bottles and glassware; mirrors; china and crockery; drain pipes; confectionery; cut and artificial flowers; perfumery and toilet articles; patent medicines; dental supplies; American boots; brushes; rope and cordage; furniture; cameras and photo supplies; toys and games; paints and varnishes, and soap.

As to the great majority at least of such imports, would it not be to the advantage of your unemployed, and of the whole nation, to have them made in Britain?

There is another point: When employment can be found for one of your men, what does he do with his wages? Does he bury them in the ground? No; he spends them, and his purchases help to make business and employment better all round.

How has Protection worked in Canada? Outside of a few grain growers in our North-west, who do not benefit so greatly from local markets, there are few Free Traders in the Dominion. It is realised that Protection is necessary to our commercial existence. Without it, we would be but an adjunct to the United States. We would have little manufacturing, and would probably have several millions less of population. Our case would be desperate. Any reciprocity agreement with our great neighbour would be a mere prelude to absorption. Under Protection we have large and expanding manufacturing plants, employing great numbers of well-paid workmen. Even our American friends have helped us. It is estimated that, to escape the tariff, 1,500 American firms have established Canadian factories, giving employment to tens of thousands. It is worthy of note that the labour element in the

Dominion is protectionist almost to a man. Even those who come from the Old Country are soon converted. I well remember a meeting some years ago when a speaker was advocating reciprocity with the United States, which it was thought might mean a lower tariff. Around me were a number of workmen, and their opinion was pithily expressed by one of them:—"Yes, and close the factories where we get our living; what does he take us for?"

Does Protection raise the cost of living? That depends primarily on what imports you tax. And conditions vary. Let us again get away from theories, and consider conditions as they exist in Britain. The pound formerly had a purchasing power in New York of $4.86; to-day its value is but $4.47. You have to pay a premium of approximately nine per cent. on all your remittances to the United States. Why is this? The premium is a tax or penalty imposed by the laws of supply and demand, because your remittances to that country so largely exceed your receipts from it. Every Englishman who buys an article produced in the United States adds to this adverse balance, and thus helps to raise the tax he and his neighbours pay on those necessaries of life which they must obtain from America. Every unnecessary American purchase thus increases your cost of living. If by a customs tariff you could curtail the import of American manufactures, you would not merely give employment to British workmen, but would reduce the premium on American funds, and lower the cost of the necessities of life on which there need be no tariff.

I may be told that this adverse trade balance has existed for many years, and that prior to the war there was no premium on American funds. True; but you were then paying for your excess purchases by the sale of securities accumulated in the days when the financial balance was in your favour. When exchange was needed, a broker would purchase American bonds or shares on the London market, sell them by cable, and thus obtain credits in New York. During the war, unhappily, a large proportion of your American securities went back to the United States, and the balance is slowly but surely now being transferred.

But, as I have said, reduction in prices is not your real need. What you require is income—work and wages for your people. Will Free Trade give you either? To what extent Protection can supply both your readers must decide. To a Canadian it would appear that Protection would materially, and in steadily increasing measure, lessen your unemployment, increase your government revenue, and reduce the sum needed for the demoralising dole.

It is sometimes claimed that only employers benefit by Protection. This is glaringly untrue. Probably ninety per cent. of the cost of most articles is paid out in wages, or in the expense of distribution. Protection is essentially a measure to benefit the working men, who have overwhelmingly the strongest reason for wishing it introduced. As to the employers—if they prosper, they extend their factories and employ more men, and the Government look after any excess profits.

When considering what is best for Britain, we must think also of your trade future. When you look to foreign countries that future is

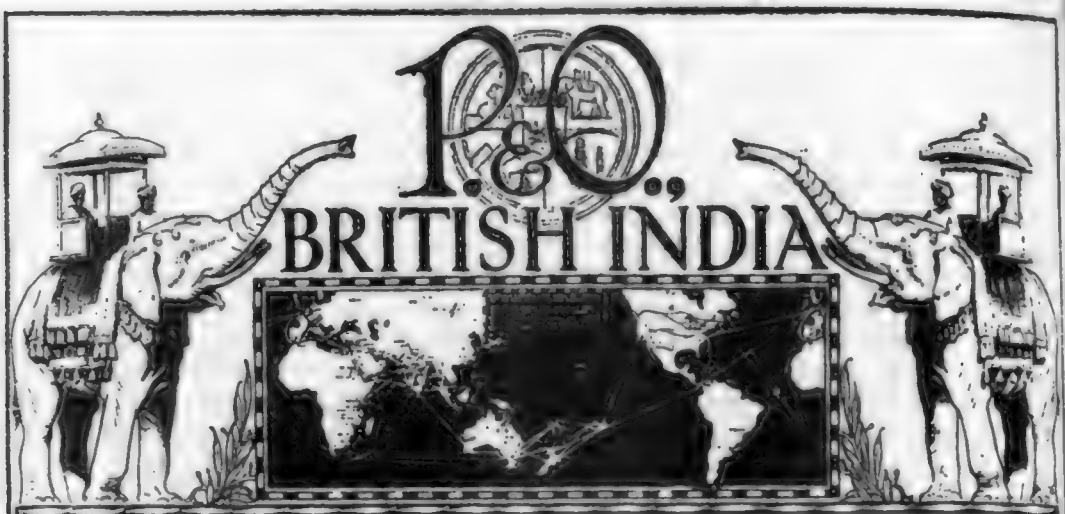
not bright. You must expect to be increasingly handicapped in those markets, for all nations wish to-day to do their own manufacturing. Within our own Empire, however, we have unlimited resources, and if we but develop those for the benefit of the people of the Empire, the clouds will soon rise. Protection would open the way to brighter times. If every part of the Empire had a substantial tariff with an Imperial preference of at least fifty per cent., so that every part would be assured of a market in the rest of the Empire for all it could produce, each part would make every other more prosperous. The population and wealth of every one of the Imperial partners would increase. We have natural resources even greater than those of the United States, and would then have the nearest approach practicable to a Customs Union such as has so developed that country. Your future lies in your own Empire, and it would be hard to place a limit to the prosperity which that Empire, and Britain as its centre, might enjoy if we could have full tariff co-operation to the extent that Americans would wish if they were in your place.

To sum up: Even leaving aside questions of the future, you can, I think, by helping your own factories and workmen, do much to solve your problems. Your law at present gives no encouragement to a manufacturer. On the contrary, it says to him: "If you locate in Britain you will be shut out from other countries by hostile tariffs, and even in our home market we will give you no preference. We will tax your plant, your income, and your excess profits; but if you will be wise enough to locate in the United States, Germany, or elsewhere, and employ foreign workmen, you will have your own home market with tariff protection, will have free access to our markets on an equality with our own citizens, and will also be exempted from all our taxes." When foreign workmen are thus favoured, is it remarkable that you have unemployment? Is it not reasonable that your workmen should have a preference in the markets of their own country?

I hope I do not presume in offering these suggestions. I can at least say that the opinions are those of a disinterested friend, who loves the Mother Country and wholeheartedly wishes to help her people.

I am, etc.,
T. B. MACAULAY.

MONTREAL.



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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

"There Shall be No War"?

In one of those massive columnar lucubrations by which Mr. Garvin of *The Observer* reveals weekly to an erring world the way of salvation, he quotes with profound and paternal admiration an order which it seems he gave to mankind in March, 1919: "There shall be no war." At the moment of issuing this ukase it would appear that either Mr. Garvin forgot to mention how it was to be carried out, or else that the population of this planet did not display the instantaneous docile obedience which he naturally expected. Now, however, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, having apparently been informed concerning the injunction, is taking steps, in concert with M. Herriot, to translate it into speedy effect, through the instrumentality of the League of Nations. This being so, it is evidently advisable to examine the nature and the scope of the League's aims, in order to see how far they permit it to become the means by which to reach the end in view.

The first point which emerges is that the goal of the League's endeavour is not the prevention of war, but only of that particular form of it taking the shape of conflict between nations. With that other and frequently more terrible kind of strife arising from civil war, that is to say, from dissension within a nation, or what purports to be a single State, the League expressly disclaims any intention to deal. In the official commentary attached to the Covenant it is definitely declared that "the League cannot be used as a Holy Alliance to suppress national or other movements within the boundaries of the member States, but only to prevent forcible annexation from without."

Thus, for instance, at this present moment Georgia is

in arms against its ferocious Bolshevist tyrants, and, according to press report, fierce fighting has been proceeding. That circumstance does not concern the League at all, and would not concern it even if Russia had been sanctified by admission as a member. Whether all the Georgians are massacred by the sanguinary fiends whose Government we have just recognised, or whether they succeed in freeing themselves from that hideous domination, is in any case completely outside the League's purview. Similarly, if the whole vast realm under Bolshevist sway, extending from the frontiers of Poland to Behring Straits, were the scene of parallel strife (as it very conceivably may be in a little while), if Siberia were at war with Russia in Europe, or Russia in Europe were in flames wherever human habitations were found, while the most savage and internecine slaughter were in progress, that condition of things also would be no affair of the Genevan alleged providers of universal peace.

In like manner, if another "Reign of Terror" were to supervene in France, or if some convulsive struggle between revolutionaries and non-revolutionaries broke out in Britain, causing, along with consequent starvation, the death of half our population, or if, in the same fashion, the United States (after receiving the holy oil of membership) were torn in pieces, the boasted Genevan universal Heal-all would still be incapable of application. Yet—and this seems a matter worth a moment's thought—the issue of such convulsions might well be the separation of existing national units into disparate parts and the installation in power of new Governments influenced by new ideas, leading them, in the case of countries which had been members of the League, absolutely to repudiate its authority. Indeed, since the League's only correct attitude, according to the interpretation of its programme already quoted, is to recognise the present *status quo*, fresh States which came into being through the shattering of this *status quo* could hardly be expected to follow any other course than that of withdrawal from its authority. Since the world is now in a period of transition unrivalled for many centuries, and since the affairs of nearly every nation are in a condition of visible flux, nothing can be more probable, if not certain, than such episodes of

national evolution as those suggested. When, therefore, general disarmament is advocated as the corollary of the League's establishment, can we, consistently with human reason and common sense, leave these tremendous possibilities out of account? With China in upheaval through intestine divisions, with the terrific threat to peace which we have ourselves created and are fostering by our insane policy in India, and with the whole world surging with similar movement within the different peoples inhabiting it, can we of Britain and of the British Dominions afford, without folly amounting to madness, to reduce still further such armed force as we possess?

Yet, in spite of these enormous limitations of the sphere of the League's operations—limitations which stare us in the face all over the earth—and although this Genevan organisation does not even pretend to deal with these fertile sources of future war, but only with the formal clash of existing nations one against the other, we are invited and exhorted to lay aside that common prudence necessary in all ordinary human affairs by stripping ourselves, in reliance upon a problematical and theoretical protection against international aggression, of all means of defence against either this, or the still more terrible menace to our future safety just shown to exist.

If we ask the cause of all these griefs we shall at once become involved in an endless controversy. Many words darken counsel and confusion lurks in a multiplicity of voices. But amidst the clamours of rival assertions and conflicting arguments one basic factor will always remain, namely, human nature. In the workings of that nature in the past and in the present are to be found the well springs of our existing woes. For a truism so very obvious, at any other time than this, we might well ask the pardon of our readers. But not now. For the very essence of the whole of the League's case is trust—trust unlimited—in that very human nature which all through history up to this moment has produced and is still producing every species of war. We are to believe in the reality of a gigantic change, the unreality of which is being proved by all the political movements of the globe at this very instant. In particular we are to place our loving confidence in the spiritual renaissance of the Germans

and of the Russian Bolshevists. The sudden conversions claimed by the Salvation Army are as nothing in comparison with the astounding alteration of heart thus assumed. The Teutonic Bill Sikes who, during the war, wrought according to his kind and who, ever since the war, has been engaged in deliberate attempt to swindle the nations to which he promised payment, while preparing for another and more successful onslaught upon them, is now to be admitted with tears of joy into the League's fold and, as a sinner of declared and avowed impenitence, to have the fatted calf, in the shape of a forty million pounds loan, placed on the table before him, while his poor elder brother, represented by England, stands, weeping and hungrily peering, outside. Not for him any share in that dish.

But the German is not to be quite alone at the feast. His brother, the Bolshevist, with hands dripping with blood, is to be placed at his side, with—if our Socialist rulers can possibly manage it—a yet bigger and fatter piece of veal to tempt his delicate appetite. And to the honour, the good will, the general sense of righteousness of these two ineffable ruffians are to be confided the security of France, the hopes of this country, and the peace of the world.

This is no fancy portrait, but an absolutely true picture of the policy represented by the supposedly serious proposals of Mr. MacDonald and the Genevan Assembly. Their declared object is universal, compulsory arbitration, to be preceded by general disarmament. What shred of real possibility exists that either Germany, or Russia, or Japan, or France, or the United States, or the British Dominions would submit unreservedly to arbitral awards which traversed what any one of those States held to be its vital interests? We are told that the admission of Russia and Germany to the League is absolutely essential. The second Power certainly, and the first conceivably, might consent to such admission; in the case of Germany, to use the leverage thus acquired to facilitate the commencement of that war of revenge for which all her strong and dominant elements long with a thirst like that of Christian, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for the new Jerusalem; and, in the case of Russia, to turn the position to account

in their ceaseless effort to smash civilisation and create Soviet government throughout the world. Suppose, then, that, on a German motion, the Supreme Court of Arbitration decided that Silesia must be resigned by Czecho-Slovakia and Alsace-Lorraine by France. Would the former yield in the one instance, or the latter in the other? Or—a perfectly conceivable contingency—imagine that the fiat went forth that the United States must abandon the Monroe doctrine and that they and our own Dominions must allow unrestricted Asiatic immigration, with full grant of citizenship to the immigrants. Would they submit? Or would they fight? Or, again, in the contrary case, would Japan ever agree to the abandonment of her claims? Obviously, nothing except triumphant force would, or could, ever compel adhesion to such awards. Again, any attempt to coerce either Germany and Russia (perhaps linked with Japan) on the one hand, if they resisted an award, or America and the British Empire on the other, would simply mean another world war on a scale even more tremendous than the last.

Once more, when we take the question of disarmament, manifestly the Court of Arbitration must have at its disposal some immense organised fighting strength in order to enforce its decisions on vast combinations of powerful recalcitrant States, if those decisions are not to be the merest wind. Who is to pay for such an organisation and of what is it to be composed? Further, if Germany makes a fresh promise of disarmament, how can anyone in his senses imagine that she would fulfil it? She made such a promise when she signed the Versailles Treaty, and she has ever since been engaged in breaking it. Her secret, surreptitious preparations for another homicidal outburst are well known to the French military authorities, and the revival of her manufacturing industries by the assistance now to be rendered her involves, of course, the restoration of her ability to produce munitions. The wondrous Mr. Garvin declares that "the disarmed German people" (but they are not disarmed) "never will and never can be reconciled to the maintenance by mere force of the unmitigated map as it stands; and they cannot willingly

accept for indefinite years the occupation of a large and beloved part of their native soil, the Rhineland, by a foreign army." Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will have fresh in their recollection the notes by Marshal Foch, the greatest living military authority, which we had the pleasure to publish in our last two numbers. In those he states that the one absolutely vital and essential security for France is to be found in her retention of the bridge-heads of the Rhine, with full military access to them.

Suppose (1) that this security is given up, as Mr. Garvin and the Genevan fanatics desire, and (2) that the Germans do not thereby become suddenly converted into angels of peace, but, on the contrary, make use of the opportunity thus bestowed upon them to invade France. Is this a wild supposition, or is it infinitely the more probable of the two? But if, or when, it happens, the only thing certain is that the French would get no effective help from the League of Nations. If M. Herriot should be induced, in an evil hour for the world's peace, by his "dear good friend" Mr. MacDonald, to exchange the substance for the shadow, we fear that France first, and England afterwards, would have cause to repent with tears of blood.

With the latest and the most amazing of all the mad ideas set forth, namely, that on Britain alone should be cast the whole burden of enforcing the League's, or the Arbitral Court's, decisions, through the agency of her diminished fleet, we deal elsewhere in our Current Comments. What is now, however, beginning to be apparent to all who are capable of reason is that this Genevan League, formed to prevent war, threatens rapidly to become one of the greatest sources of future strife with which the human race has ever been cursed. The schemes emanating from it resemble the suggestions of an amateur debating society rather than the considered plans of wise men, and its "universal compulsory arbitration," if once sought to be seriously applied, could manifestly only end in "universal compulsory"—carnage.

Current Comments

REPROBATION of the Prime Minister's mistake over his acceptance of a car and its "endowment" by the allotment of £30,000 preference shares which, if we are correctly informed, carry 7½ per cent. interest and produce, therefore, an income of £2,250 a year, may be left to his own party. For our part we confess to a feeling of genuine pity, both for him and for the donor, Sir Alexander Grant, who received his baronetcy a few months later upon the recommendation of Mr. MacDonald. We believe that they may both be acquitted of any conscious improbity. It must be counted to them as righteousness that the transaction was recorded with the registrar of public companies, whereas it might easily have been concealed. It is unfortunate that the sum of £30,000 is precisely that which in Coalition days was the market price of a baronetcy. We are not sure, moreover, that the Daimler Company has not a claim for damages in respect of the absurd suggestion that £2,250 a year is necessary for the maintenance of one of their cars. It is also regrettable that Mr. MacDonald's first statement was a good deal less than the whole truth. We can well believe that when the revelation of the full facts could no longer be avoided he was "sick at heart."

An Endowment Policy

But, we repeat, we are convinced that there was no vice in the incident. To be quite fair, if the story were one of the Middle Ages, or of the fabled East, it might well find a place amongst those tales which encourage faith in the essential benevolence of human nature. In the days of absolutism and autocracy it would have been a shining example of disinterested friendship and generosity.

But Mr. MacDonald is not a caliph or a mandarin, and he is not the servant of an arbitrary ruler accustomed to cut off the heads of obstreperous subjects. He is that highest product of human wisdom and civilisation, the chosen representative of democracy by popular vote. By

comparison with the degree of rectitude demanded from one in such an exalted position, some latitude would be permitted even to Cæsar's wife. Without labouring the question or making uncharitable suggestions, which we believe to be quite undeserved, it is enough to point out that the boundary line between innocent generosity and conscious fraud may easily and often be difficult to establish and, indeed, be variable according to opinion.

If, therefore, the democratic system of choosing our masters is not to be discredited, it must be justified by the choice of supermen whose virtue, strength of character, and moral superiority to the failings and weaknesses of the common herd all can recognise, irrespective of party. In a hard world, moreover, it will be demanded that these exalted paragons shall possess also a sufficient measure of mere worldly wisdom to equip them for their task of governing the nation and upholding its credit.

In all but the first of these qualities it must be held that Mr. MacDonald has signally failed by yielding to a temptation which was admittedly very strong. His worst fault was doubtless that he was unable to recognise the wrong which might underlie and, therefore, be imputed to a transaction, doubtless to his ingenuous mind quite innocent, notwithstanding his protestations of reluctance to enter upon it. For ourselves we should have been better pleased that he should come to grief in a straight political fight on ground of his own choosing such as the Russian Treaty, the Coercion of Ulster, or his surrender to seditious Communists. But even were he able to stand his ground on all these questions, which we believe impossible, it is certain that many in all parties will ask whether such foolish weakness and want of judgment as have been revealed by this unfortunate episode are pardonable in a Prime Minister of England.

The Marne Anniversary. A Humiliation

We have seen no comment upon the strange fact that although M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald arrived together in Paris from Geneva on the morning of the 7th September, they then parted company, Mr. MacDonald proceeding to London and M. Herriot by motor to Meaux for the cele-

bration of the anniversary of the battle of the Marne and the inauguration of the monument to General Gallieni, the heroic Governor of Paris. It is inconceivable that any Prime Minister of England other than Mr. MacDonald would not have seized the opportunity of representing his country on such an occasion of national tribute to our common sacrifice. It is equally inconceivable that Mr. MacDonald, with his war record, could have done so. British dignity was best protected by his absence. It would, indeed, have been outraged by his presence. When was it ever in such jeopardy?

The Ideal and the Real

HAD it been possible for Mr. MacDonald to attend, with the cheering of his Genevan rhapsodies still doubtless ringing in his ears, he would have been compelled to listen to speeches of the soldiers who fought to save us while he was talking, plotting and writing to prevent our victory, if not to compass our defeat. These speeches would have quickly dispersed the clouds of rhetorical idealism upon which he rode to an empty glory at Geneva. Without exception they endorsed M. Herriot's declaration that disarmament and security are inseparable, and that without a solid pledge of security no nation could be expected to disarm. General Nollet repeated M. Herriot's words that "if force without justice is tyranny, justice without force is impotent." War is a reality, therefore peace must be a reality. Aspirations to realise the ideals of justice and peace must not be merely a bait to others to commit new and bloody aggression. "Until the day comes when those ideals *shall control the world*, France owes it to her past and to humanity that she shall remain strong and sure of herself so that she may endure until that day has dawned." Not all the volumes of talk at Geneva contain as much truth as is expressed in these few words.

Security

IN August we commenced a series of articles on the subject of Security with a note by Marshal Foch in which he showed the necessity of retention of the bridgeheads of the Rhine as the only means of preventing a German rush westwards on land.

Although this was followed in September by his concluding notes on the same problem, we have nowhere seen any attempt to controvert his contentions. As Marshal Foch's title to be regarded as the highest living military authority is undeniable, and as his views have been widely quoted, it may be assumed that their truth is equally indisputable.

M. Michelin on the next War in the Air

THIS month we publish an arresting article by M. André Michelin, the head of the great French tyre industry, a pioneer of aviation, and without doubt one of the ablest industrialists in Europe, on the, perhaps, even more imminent danger of German attack from the air. As M. Michelin vividly shows, the deadly destruction possible by explosive and incendiary aerial bombs, of which we had but a foretaste in the late war, will be enormously enhanced by the aid of chemistry. Most effective probably will be the numerous varieties of asphyxiating gas with which a whole city could quickly be enveloped to the utter extinction of life. In addition, the most deadly disease germs could be rained upon a helpless population. Let it be clearly understood that it will be the civilian populations, including women and children, who would chiefly suffer; and that any town in Great Britain will be exposed to the danger equally with those of France.

M. André Lefèvre, late Minister for War in France, called our attention recently to the significant fact that in all the Ministerial changes in Germany since the Armistice there was one Minister who had remained throughout—Von Gesseler, Minister for War. M. Lefèvre added, "Your MacDonald relies upon words, our Herriot upon his *bonne foi*, Poincaré upon treaties, and Von Seeckt upon his bombs!" It is unhappily true that neither words, good faith, nor even treaties afford in themselves any effectual protection against bombs. Treaties will be of no avail unless they provide the means either of absolutely preventing the manufacture of bombs, or of concerted and sufficiently powerful counter-attack against a possible aggressor to paralyse his evil design. So long as the former alternative remains impracticable, we must rely upon the

second, or court even worse disaster than defeat in the late war. That this safeguard presents no great difficulties or crippling pecuniary sacrifices is shown by M. Michelin in his intensely interesting article. He demonstrates that the advance of science has rendered war devastatingly destructive, not alone to the active combatants, but even more to the civilian populations on both sides. So ghastly, indeed, is the prospect of such "scientific" warfare in the future that it is permissible to hope that a wider realisation of its terrors may lead to more effectual measures to prevent war than any likely to proceed from Geneva. M. Michelin has, we believe, made out a case in respect of aero-chemical warfare as unanswerable as that of Marshal Foch in regard to German aggression westwards by land.

Barometer of Irish Credit

It is wearisome to recite month by month evidence of the impending collapse of the Free State Government—the dissensions now openly admitted amongst the leaders; the lawlessness, murders, arson and robbery, mostly unpunished; the flight of capital and the consequent ruin of industry with increasing unemployment; the rising tide of anger and disillusion which, as ever, where there is no strong hand or respect for law, must inevitably culminate in riotous explosion. We could fill pages with fresh evidence of this kind every month, but we have probably said enough in previous issues to convince those open to conviction.

There is a simpler and less unpleasant method of proving that in the Free State itself the truth of our statements is recognised. In all countries the Stock Exchange is regarded as perhaps the most reliable barometer of national prosperity and stability. The Free State loan for £10,000,000, issued at 95, which once soared absurdly to par amidst somewhat hysterical jubilations (and heavy type ridicule of The English Review), fell the other day to 90, on heavy selling. The bulk is held by big interests which are unlikely to throw their stock on a falling market likely quickly to collapse. The true measure of Irish mistrust of Irish stability can hardly, therefore, be revealed by the present quotation. It is, however, already very significant of what is to come.

Irish Stew

It is as sure as anything can be that nothing but the immediate prospect of despoiling Ulster could keep Mr. Cosgrave and his fissiparous Government in power. It is equally certain that its successors, whether guided by his only strong man, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, now estranged, or more likely by the already declared republicans, would, if baulked of their designs upon Ulster, soon declare a republic. Even if they had their way with Ulster the civil war which would inevitably ensue would be preceded by the declaration of a republic. Surely statesmanship consists in correctly anticipating events and if dangerous either avoiding or preparing against the worst results. Nevertheless, although no one conversant with the facts could doubt the ultimate outcome of the Irish imbroglio which we have indicated, Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues blindly persist in taking the shortest cut to the greatest possible combination of disasters which the Irish question could produce. They prated of honour and propose dishonourably to coerce Ulster. Doubtless they took courage from the support of Mr. Lloyd George, that most dangerous friend.

Where is Mr. Lloyd George?

The correspondence, however, between Lord Balfour and Lord Birkenhead which effectually shattered the last remaining doubt in the minds of that large number of people who have votes and express opinions in almost complete ignorance of the facts, left the nimble Mr. George with no option but promptly to skip over to the other side of the fence and endorse Lord Birkenhead's declaration, although still pledged to support the Government Bill. At the same time, while the Government spokesmen and organs were insisting that Ulster would have nothing to fear from an impartial Commission, and Mr. Cosgrave himself in his speech in the Dail stated that no substantial partition of Ulster was contemplated, the officials of his own Government gave him the lie and demanded the transfer of 430,000 Roman Catholics to the Free State, involving a very large area indeed.

If Mr. MacDonald were able to force his policy, he would quickly learn that his panacea of arbitration without

"sanctions" is as likely to produce war as peace, unless both sides are content to submit to it. And if Ulster refused to accept a verdict which might be as unjust as it would certainly be without any sanction in constitutional usage and law, is Mr. MacDonald prepared to resort to force? If not, what remains of his oratory at Geneva but the echo of empty words?

An Object Lesson in Arbitration

NOTWITHSTANDING the industriously circulated predictions that the Conservative Party is not anxious to force a dissolution on this issue, we believe that the forecast of the *Sunday Times* that Mr. Baldwin will think it better to let the Commission function and await the result will prove to be wrong. The suggestion is that, should the Commission decree a large transfer of territory to the Free State, the Unionists would be justified in supporting an appeal on the ground that such a transfer went beyond what they clearly understood to be the terms of reference. This abject counsel is on a par with another pronouncement of the *Sunday Times* relating to India.

The Boundary Commission

> The policy of fitting India for self-government is a sound one, but the time is far distant, and may never come at all, when order can be maintained or the scales held evenly in that cockpit of clashing creeds and nationalities without British guidance and British power. Already the demoralisation caused by the weakness at headquarters, etc., etc.

We must govern or we must go under. India is not within centuries of readiness for self-government. Failing the beneficent rule of the British, her peoples will revert to the conditions of unrestrained tyranny from which we rescued them.

Equally it is our plain duty to choose between our loyal, straight-dealing and hard-working compatriots in the North of Ireland, and the lazy, shifty, treacherous and incompetent population of the South, whose declared and dearest wish is to compass our downfall. By their own acts they have brought their country to the verge of a bankruptcy which cannot much longer be staved off. The Republicans are in the ascendant. The Republican press circulates freely and makes no secret of its implacable

hostility to the last remaining shreds of the British connection. The gunmen who murdered Englishmen are rewarded with opportunities of enriching themselves by the most flagrantly corrupt methods, and, like the Bolshevist swindlers, are amassing fortunes. Still, for the good name of the British Government, the Free State, so long as it exists, must have justice, and, futile as it may prove to be, perhaps the Boundary Commission.

An Honest Solution

WHAT, then, is justice? Property cannot be sold or given twice. The first deed is that which holds good in law. Under that Ulster is clearly entitled to retain that which was legally dedicated to her in 1920. If, therefore, any ambiguity exists as to the interpretation of Clause 12 of the Treaty of 1921, to which Ulster was no party, it cannot be made an excuse for overriding already indefeasible rights. Notwithstanding the transparent manœuvre of the Government, doubtless inspired by the subtle Mr. Lionel Curtis, of framing a one-clause Bill with the intention of ruling out amendments, it is the plain duty of the Conservatives to fight for a proviso that the terms of reference to the Commission should be strictly limited to a satisfactory adjustment of boundary and exclude the possibility of such substantial transfers of territory as are claimed by Sinn Fein with the object of reducing Northern Ireland to an uneconomic unit. If this demand should be rejected in the Commons, it is sure to be repeated in the Lords; but we suggest that the Upper House, instead of merely attaching a proviso certain of rejection when the Bill is returned to the Commons, could take up a more advantageous, if not impregnable, defensive position. This they could do by passing the Bill subject to the condition that its operations should be suspended until the Government had obtained a legal interpretation of Clause 12 from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which should be binding upon the Commission, and that its findings should not become operative until approved by both the Northern and Southern Parliaments as representing "the wishes of the inhabitants." It is difficult to see how Mr. Lloyd George, after his acceptance of Lord Birkenhead's interpretation, could oppose a solu-

tion which would so completely guarantee justice to both parties. The aim of the Government to create an opportunity for an appeal to the country on a cry of "The Peers against the People" would be defeated. We believe that Ulster would have nothing to fear, and the rebels in the South would probably show their hands and declare a republic before even the decision of the Judicial Committee had been made known.

The Tribunal and Mr. Lionel Curtis

As to the impartiality of the Tribunal we have a pertinent question to ask. Who selected Mr. Justice Feetham and is he, or is he not, one of the Round Table Group closely associated with Mr. Lionel Curtis, who still mysteriously occupies an undefined position in the Colonial and Foreign Offices? As the real instigator and author behind the scenes of two of the most disastrous attacks upon the British Empire ever made, the Government of India Act, 1919, and the Irish Treaty, both already revealed in their wicked futility, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Curtis should be afforded no further opportunities of dangerous experiments at the national expense.

As to Mr. Justice Feetham, unless his association with Mr. Curtis can be denied, we would suggest to him the propriety of following the honourable precedent of the English Bench by withdrawing rather than that any slightest suggestion of personal prejudice should be allowed to sully the reputation for impartiality of the British justiciary.

Who is Mr. Justice Feetham?

UNFORTUNATELY this compels the not unnatural and certainly not impertinent question, "Who is Mr. Justice Feetham?" The importance of the decisions of the Irish Boundary Commission needs no reiteration; nor is it necessary to point out that the task of presiding over its deliberations is one worthy of the most statesmanlike and most experienced judicial intellects within the Empire. The width of choice of such intellects available to the Government was extensive—witness the names of those in

India and the Dominions who are from time to time called to the assistance of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Yet in the case of the Irish Boundary Commission none of these is chosen amongst so many. With almost indecent haste—before even it could be certain that the Commission would ever come into actual being—Mr. Justice Feetham is translated from the comparative obscurity of his position as the junior puisne Judge of the Transvaal, of a provincial Court, that is, in a Union where the Bench of the highest tribunal, the Supreme Court of South Africa, is adorned by men of the calibre of Sir James Rose-Innes and Sir W. H. Solomon. It is obvious, therefore, that the choice was not made on account of Mr. Justice Feetham's judicial eminence or experience (his elevation to the Bench dates only from August 16th, 1923); and one is driven back to the conclusion that it was due solely to his previous membership of the Southborough Committee on Indian Reforms and of the India Office Committee on the Government of India Bill in 1918-19. Is not this to say that it was due to Mr. Curtis?

Bellicose Pacifism

THE highest point of pacifist madness would seem to have been reached in the suggestion that this country should place what now remains of its fleet at the service of the League of Nations. The special correspondent of *The Times* at Geneva telegraphed on September 15th that "it is contemplated that the British Fleet shall be placed entirely at the disposal of the League as prescribed by Article 16 of the Covenant" whenever a case of "aggression" has been declared against any offending State. The shouts of astonished protest elicited from many quarters by this proposal appear to have induced the British Genevan Delegation to suppress any direct reference to the Navy, and to issue a sort of *démenti* denying the accuracy of the report, while our principal delegate, Lord Parmoor, has declared in an interview that no "final determination" is to be reached at this stage. Yet it remains absolutely and fundamentally true, as Mr. Amery, M.P., late First Lord of the Admiralty, has well pointed out, that the whole Genevan scheme depends on the idea of compulsory arbitration, while that obviously involves, for this country (which

has hardly any Army or Air Force), the use of its Navy by the League. In other words, we must either be willing at any moment to go to war with any nation, however friendly to us, at the League's command, or else, so far as we are concerned, the enforcement of arbitration must be abandoned. Quite clearly, if the proposed arrangement had been operative a few months ago when the Italian people were inflamed with rage against Greece, when Mussolini seized Corfu, and when the bellicose Lord Cecil was thundering out threats, the League would have directed the British Navy to institute an "economic blockade," or some kind of coercive action, against Italy. Equally clearly, in the then mood of the Italian people, instant war would have been the result. Exactly what constitutes aggression is impossible to be defined—perhaps least of all by the sort of persons who gather at Geneva. But it is evident that some preposterous decision on that head therein reached might quite conceivably drive us into conflict with any Power whatever, even with the United States or with France. In the latter case, within a week, London (not to mention other towns) would be a scrap heap filled with dead bodies, as the enormous aerial superiority of the French places us absolutely at their mercy.

Ministerial Evolution

THE responsibilities of office are obviously having an educative effect upon our Socialist Ministers. Mr. MacDonald has issued a warning against the fallacies of Poplarism, limitations of output, strikes, doles, etc., which might well have been uttered by an orthodox economist, had he not added that these things have nothing to do with Socialism, and, indeed, threaten to destroy it unless it can cut them adrift.

Next comes Mr. Wheatley with his discovery that the very existence of this country is menaced by its failure to grow at least a much greater proportion of its required food. He recognises that our one-time monopoly of manufacturing industries has gone for ever, and that, unless the balance be restored, the industrial workers will have an increasing struggle to keep from sinking to the present level of the agricultural labourer.

Then Mr. W. Graham, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and understudy to Mr. Snowden, who has himself expressed serious concern at the industrial outlook, is evidently by his latest declaration acquiring a grasp of those hard economic facts from which there is no escape. He insists that State expenditure upon unremunerative schemes must be reduced in order to relieve taxation; that efficiency methods must be adopted in industry to secure that for every pound of wage or salary there shall be a full pound of service; and that all available capital resources should be directed to industries in which the restoration of the country obviously depends. He predicts further, that the pressure of foreign competition and the danger to the standard of living of the British masses will soon override any hesitation in the application of such measures.

Socialist Repudiation

Now as all of these excellent and timely admonitions correspond precisely with the principles consistently advocated in this REVIEW and summed up in our leading article on "The Causes of Unemployment and the Remedy," published in November last, it would appear at first sight as if the conversion of Labour representatives to the tenets of sound Conservatism had already been accomplished. If this were so the miracle would have been cheaply bought at the price of the excursions and alarums of the last nine months of Socialist government. And that some solid advantage has been gained is happily undeniable. But these are not the voices of the real Socialists, who will have none of such "reactionary" remedies. Even the three we have quoted would, if they had the chance, only seek to apply them by means of State control and nationalisation of land and industries, more certainly disastrous than the very evils their short experience in office has enabled them more clearly to recognise. They will probably have to pay the penalty of deposition by their own supporters for their honest outspokenness. Still we are getting on.

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia on the Anglo-Soviet Treaty

THE Grand Duke Cyril (Kirill) of Russia, cousin of the late Tsar, has made known his views upon the treaty furtively entered into by the British Government with the alien criminals who have usurped power in Russia.

We invited His Imperial Highness therefore to send us an authorised statement for publication in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and we have great pleasure in presenting our readers with his reply and declaration.

An undeniable statement of facts, such as that of Count Kokovtzoff which we published in September, endorsed by the Grand Duke Cyril, should rouse all who have read it to exert their utmost energies to save this country from the disgrace of the ratification of a treaty which in effect is a composition with crime. The rumoured intention of the Socialist Party, terrorised by their masters, the Revotionary Communists, to make the Soviet Treaty their principal election cry is the clearest admission of their moral and political bankruptcy.

We trust that the declaration of the Grand Duke, remarkable for its restraint, will stimulate our countrymen to unite in sweeping out these dangerous weaklings whose continuance in office would be but a prelude to the Communist programme of reducing England to the misery to which their "comrades" have brought Russia. —(ED., *E.R.*)

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 27th of August, I enclose the full text of my declaration on the subject of the treaty between Great Britain and the Soviet Government. In this declaration you will find all I could say without interfering in British internal politics. I simply state the point of view and the conviction of every Russian patriot, and I have nothing to add on this question, which

I hope will be reasonably and honestly resolved by the public opinion of your country and by its Parliament.

It is with great interest and sympathy that I have read and re-read the excellent article of Count Kokovtzoff in the September issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, as well as your clear and impressive introduction to it. You are perfectly right when you speak of Soviet rule as Soviet slavery. We Russians, faithful to our country and its people, strive to liberate our countrymen from that terrible slavery, as well as from complete extinction of the population by disease and famine.

Believe, me, Sir,
Yours sincerely,

KIRILL,
Grand Duke of Russia.

COBURG, *September 5th*, 1924.

Declaration of the Grand Duke Kirill of Russia

DURING these last days I and all Russians, deeply devoted to their country, have heard with consternation that the British Government has signed an agreement with the delegates of the tyrannical oligarchy which, for the moment, has succeeded in seizing power in Russia.

Amongst other things, this agreement grants a very considerable loan to the Soviet powers.

As the lawful successor to the throne of all the Russias, I consider it my duty, in the hearing of all, to declare that:

If I had the slightest hope that the proposed loan were to go to the reconstruction of our unhappy country, or towards the feeding of our famished people, I would welcome this help, independently of what form of Government administered it. But neither I, nor any Russian, has the slightest doubt that this loan has been negotiated for the sole purpose of fortifying and protracting the waning power of the oppressors of our people, and to give further means to the Third International to continue its propaganda throughout the world. This propaganda aims

at the downfall of all Christian civilisation and the enslaving of humanity, through dire poverty, to the sole gain of a minority of fanatics and impostors, who are devoid of all honour and conscience, and to the satisfaction of their greed and lusts.

Every nation is bound to pay her debts, once her Government has contracted or guaranteed a loan which she has received and applied for her own welfare. But in this case the money obtained by the loan from the British Government passes into the hands of a Government in Russia, recognised by the greater part of Europe, but not recognised by the Russian people themselves.

The truth of this affirmation will be admitted by the whole of Europe, sealed as it has been, and is still being, by the blood of the best of our nation. Therefore I repeat and once more affirm that the present Communist Government has never been recognised by the Russian people themselves, who see in it only an evil power which has profited of their momentary weakness to destroy and oppress them.

When the day of Russia's freedom dawns then a Government will be established which will be in accord with the true feelings and aspirations of her people.

As this declaration is addressed to foreigners I will not raise the question as to whether that Government will be a monarchial or a republican one. At all events this Government will be a national one and not one dominated by the fear of the people, nor will it shed their blood as the Soviet Government is doing. Such a Government, based on the support of the people themselves, and being purely national, will never consent, or desire to consider itself bound, to recognise treaties, loans, or concessions of any sort, which the British Government is now making with the greatest enemies of the unfortunate Russian people.

The fate of the treaty in question between Great Britain and the Soviets is now in the hands of the British Parliament and people. They will decide this question according to their reason and their conscience.

I have been moved to make the above statement by what I considered to be my duty to the Russian people.

KIRILL,
Grand Duke of Russia.

The Danger of Aero-chemical Attack by Germany

By André Michelin

THE industrial power of Germany in the domain of aerial construction and in that of chemistry, together with the wish for revenge which our ex-enemies entertain, constitute a menace to the security of our country, the importance of which it is well to measure. I propose hereunder to study the problem dispassionately, and solely in the light of facts and common sense.

Before examining the present situation of the German air forces, I will give a few figures which illustrate the efforts made in this direction during the war. The German aerial forces consisted in 1914 of 41 squadrons served by 4,200 men, and eight factories capable of manufacturing flying machines; when the Armistice was signed these forces consisted, at the front, of 451 formations with 310 squadrons, and, elsewhere, of 103 units with a total of 66,000 men, and 57 aircraft factories employing 100,000 workmen. The production of the German air factories amounted in 1917 to 19,400 machines.

What are the present possibilities of Germany? Let us first deal with the objection which we are sure to hear: "Germany was compelled to surrender her war airplanes, and her commercial machines are no good for fighting." Beware! By forcing Germany, at the Armistice, to surrender 1,700 aeroplanes and to destroy her old material we did her good service. We enabled her to start anew, that is to say, to undertake long and careful studies in laboratories which are more efficient and much better equipped than our own. At the present time the period of calculations and experiments seems to be over, and the construction of new types of machines has begun. Now we must not forget that the mass production of models, the full details of which have been carefully fixed and calibrated, is very easy of accom-

plishment for a nation familiar with great industrial undertakings and provided with such perfect material and machine tools as Germany has at her disposal. In America Ford manufactures an average of 6,800 cars a day; that is to say, 170,000 cars a month (he has even reached 9,300 in a day).

In 1918 Germany made 2,000 aeroplanes a month. She can now certainly manufacture at least 3,000, as her plants have multiplied and her factories manufacturing light metal parts have been greatly improved and increased in number. She has, in addition, several manufacturers working for her abroad.

In Holland, Fokker has three factories, in Amsterdam, Veere and Utrecht; in Russia, Junker uses the Russesch-Balt Waggenfabrik works in Moscow, and the Lebedieff works in Petrograd; in Switzerland, at Rohrschach, on the Lake of Constance, opposite Friedrichshafen, Dornier manufactures fast machines of the model known as the "Dornier-Falke"; in Italy, at Marina di Pisa, the same Dornier manufactures bi-motor hydroplanes; in Denmark, Rohrbach, formerly an engineer at the Zeppelin works, has now established himself on Amenger Island, where he is manufacturing giant all-metal planes and hydroplanes.

It is easy to gauge the results achieved by these manufacturers by simply considering the performances achieved with the "Falke," the fast machine made by Dornier. That machine is entirely made of chromo-nickel steel and duralumin; its speed is 260 kilometres (161 miles) per hour, and it can reach a height of 3,000 metres (9,840 feet) in 6 minutes and 30 seconds. It can attain a maximum height of 8,500 metres (28,000 feet). Besides that, some foreign firms, namely, Dwigatel, at Reval, in Esthonia, and The Swenska Aero Aktiebolaget, at Stockholm, are manufacturing air material for Germany. As for German commercial aviation, its development is continuous.

The results obtained induced their leading authorities, the head of which is Junker, to undertake the realisation of international aerial lines, the exploitation of which would be assured by a group of companies, mostly German, which would operate under the style of Trans-

Europa-Union. This scheme is to be fully realised in 1926, and will give Germany the most powerful air fleet in the world. The problem of finding the necessary staff will not be a difficult one to solve. The Germans have not to submit to any restriction as regards instruction relating to pilotage, and aviation schools have been opened practically all over the country. Twenty-two such schools are known to exist at the present moment. The most recent ones are that of Hanover, which was inaugurated on March 23rd of this year in the presence of General von Eberhardt and President Noske, and those of Johannisthal and Staaken, which were opened in May. There exist, moreover, in most German towns associations which afford instruction and training to youths in the pilotage of motorless planes.

From this we may draw the following conclusion. Germany could within a few months manufacture thousands of airplanes and continue to do so at the rate of 3,000 machines at least per month. Her commercial aviation will soon be strong enough to constitute the backbone of this air fleet. Finally, the necessary pilots are preparing for the task which they may soon have to perform. Let us be clear upon this point.

There is in France a tendency to believe that our air force is the first in the world. The splendid performances achieved by such clever airmen as Colonel Vuillemin, Pelletier d'Oisy, and Sadi Lecointe excite a feeling of admiration which is quite justified, but they encourage also an optimism which is much less so. It is certain that Germany has done nothing that can compare with the Paris-Tokio air flight, for instance, but this is not the point to be considered.

The facts are, simply, that German aviation cannot at the present moment show all its active strength, but that the Germans work hard in silence, and that the means of production which they have at their disposal will enable them, whenever they wish, to undertake the mass production of a very large number of air machines.

Let me clearly exemplify this. Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles Germany had to hand over to the United States a dirigible airship of a 70,000 cm. capacity. This airship, the largest which has ever been built, is now

practically complete in the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen. In its construction the manufacturers had to deal with numberless difficulties, which made it necessary for them to undertake careful studies, researches, and experiments which will be beneficial not only to themselves, but to German aviation at large. We may well ask ourselves what studies of this kind are being made in France. I beg to be excused if I insist on this point, but I must do so in order to carry conviction.

As regards chemistry one may say that Germany possesses exceptional means of production. The development of the German chemical industry was held back by defeat, but it has now been resumed. Two figures will suffice to give an idea of the German efforts in this direction. The total production in azote (nitrogen) amounts at the present moment to over 510,000 tons per year, against 102,000 tons in 1913, which means that it increased fivefold in ten years. The number of students who, in the German universities, are preparing for a degree in chemistry increased from 3,100 in 1913 to 7,900 in 1923.

It is unnecessary to prove further the chemical power of Germany, which is universally recognised, but let us study more closely the question of deleterious products. It is known that the toxic products used in time of war are obtained by a generally simple transformation of the cycle of reactions which leads—in the chemical industry of peace time—to the preparation of pharmaceutical and photographical dye products. Thus phosgène, which was employed during the war as an asphyxiating product, is used in the preparation of Victoria blue and other colours.

As regards hyperite, or mustard gas, Major Victor Lefebure, a member of the London Society of Chemistry, writes as follows in his book entitled *The Riddle of the Rhine*:—"Mustard gas is a striking example of the organic relations which exist between chemical war and the dye industry. The compounds necessary to its manufacture are identical with those which are utilised to manufacture indigo. The universal monopoly of Germany in the production of indigo therefore meant the possibility for her to carry out a real military surprise with the use of mustard gas at the very beginning of the war."

In this chemical domain it would be impossible to pre-

tend to check the researches which Germany may now be pursuing with a view to discovering a new poison, or even to prevent Germany from carrying stocks of some such products as phosgène. The ease with which it is possible to conceal the preparation of a chemical war is recognised by all experts. Major Lefebure further says, in the above-mentioned book: "The chemical mobilisation of an enormous dye factory constitutes an almost invisible operation."

Nor would it be possible to limit Germany's possibilities of production, an idea of which may be gathered by the considerable power of her chemical industry in peace time, which is well known. The Interessen Gemeinschaft, more briefly referred to as the I.G., which is to the chemical industry what Krupp is to the metallurgical industry, merges into a gigantic trust all the most important factories of Germany, namely:—(1) The Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, of Ludwigshafen, founded in 1865, which covers an area of 500 acres and employs 11,000 workmen; (2) the Bayer, at Laverkusen, 10,000 workmen; (3) the Aktien Gesellschaft für Anilin Fabrikation, of Berlin; (4) the Hoechts, 7,680 workmen; (5) Casella, of Frankfurt-on-Main; (6) the Kalle Aktien Gesellschaft, of Biebrich; (7) the Chemische Fabrik Griesheim-Electron, of Frankfurt; (8) the Chemische Fabriken vormals Weiller-ter-Meer, of Uerdingen.

German production, which before the war was far ahead of that of all other countries combined, is gradually regaining that universal supremacy which defeat had for a little while endangered. The German production of dye products, which amounted to 47,000 tons in 1920, reached 92,700 tons in 1922; that is to say, it had doubled within two years. The production of chlorine in Germany was 80,000 tons in 1922, according to an expert attached to the Allied Commission of Control.

It may be objected that most of the factories are situated on the Rhine and that we have a check on them as long as we occupy the Ruhr. It must be said, however, that the ease with which it is possible to conceal all researches in toxic products renders such control illusory. Besides, this control has been practically non-existent for the last two years. The restraint has, moreover, induced our

enemies to develop their factories which are situated in the interior of Germany, far away from the inquisitive eyes of the Allies, and to establish new ones. And, besides, we may well ask ourselves how long we shall remain in the Ruhr. . . .

* * * * * *

Let us now study the following question: What would happen if Germany again declared war against us?

It is certainly difficult to foresee what the future war will be like, but one cannot fail to be struck by the ease with which aeroplanes and bombs loaded with poisons could be used to destroy great industrial centres. Paris, in particular, could be destroyed within a few hours. Paris covers an area of about 8,000 hectares (about 20,000 acres). Its atmosphere, calculated at a height of 10 metres, is therefore 800,000 cubic metres.

If we agree with the chemists that a gramme of toxic vapour is necessary to make an atmosphere impossible to live in, eight hundred million grammes—that is to say, 800 tons—would therefore be sufficient to make it impossible to breathe in the Paris atmosphere and consequently to kill the population. It will be objected that the influence of the wind, which would cause the gaseous mass to move, and of the weight of the poisonous vapours, which are as a rule heavier than the air and would therefore be more dangerous on the lower floors, would render it impossible to asphyxiate *the whole* of the Parisian population by means of 800 tons of toxics, the uniform distribution of which would, moreover, be impossible to obtain. There is no doubt, however, that a considerable proportion of the inhabitants would be asphyxiated. The transport of those 800 tons of poisonous products would necessitate the use of 800 aeroplanes carrying a net load of one ton each. Moreover, Germany being 500 kilometres away from Paris, those aeroplanes would have to cover in a single flight 1,000 kilometres. Such an airplane, capable of carrying a net load of one ton for a distance of 1,000 kilometres without stopping, is now a machine of common manufacture.

It will perhaps be said that all those airplanes could never reach Paris. They would, of course, suffer some losses. Some of them would have to come down owing

to breakdowns, others would be stopped by barrage firing. But the experts, and notably Major Brocard, who was in command of the famous "Storks" Squadron, say, however, that nothing could prevent a gallant pilot from reaching his destination. If we suppose that 50 per cent. —and this is a huge percentage—of the enemy airplanes will not succeed in reaching their destination, it will therefore be necessary for the Germans to have over 1,600 machines and 1,600 tons of poisonous products before they can make the attempt. In a few months' time Germany could be in a position to do so.

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We know what objections can be made to this way of reasoning, and here is the first one: Will Germany declare war again?

With regard to this, unfortunately, all the information goes to show that Germany wants her revenge and that she is making preparations to this end. Following declarations such as those of de Guillerville, Ch. Bonnefon, Gauvain, Lt.-Col. Reboul, André Lefèvre, and those which have appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Journal de Genève*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Soir* of Brussels, it has been repeatedly asserted by M. Maginot, President Poincaré, and General Nollet, who should be in a position to know.

The second objection is that the use of toxic products is prohibited. Germany, in fact, signed the Treaty of Versailles, Article 171 of which formally stipulates such prohibition. It is easy to answer that objection by making reference to the famous "scrap of paper" of 1914. How can one believe that the future belligerents will abstain from utilising a fighting method the efficiency of which was demonstrated in the last war, and which makes it possible to obtain decisive results? Besides, bombs with poisonous products are not the only weapons which our enemies could use. In 1918 explosive bombs not only caused considerable damage, but terrorised the populations. Bombs of 50 and 100 kilos. only were used. To-day bombs of 2,000 kilos are manufactured which are capable of causing formidable destruction in a large city.

Finally, one may say—and we have already been told —that the effects of such bombardment by air would be

so fearful that it is impossible to conceive that a nation, even a people as warlike and unscrupulous as the Germans, would dare to assume such a responsibility before the world. Well, we heard such talk in July, 1914. . . .

It is no doubt useless to lay stress on the consequences which would follow the partial or complete destruction of Paris by means of an aerial bombardment, which in theory, I repeat, is not unlikely. There are concentrated in Paris not only the public administrations, but also the essential means of production and the principal junctions of our lines of communication. We may, in particular, mention the aeronautical factories and general reserves, the majority of which are situated in the Parisian area. We may also mention the electric power station of Gennevilliers, which supplies the electric power necessary to all the factories of Paris and its suburbs.

Attention has been called several times to the danger to our country of such an excessive centralisation. In case of war Paris would constitute for our enemies a marvellous target, and it may be reasonably expected that the bombardment of Paris would be the first operation they would undertake.

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We are thus led to conclude that the power of Germany both in aviation and in chemistry is a great menace to our security on the day, surely not far distant, when, being ready, Germany will start fresh hostilities. The situation certainly would be different if the Treaty of Versailles had made it impossible for the Germans to manufacture any kind of flying machine. It is now, of course, too late for such a decision to be introduced. It seems, therefore, that *the only way to ensure our security is to organise reprisals which should be carried out by all the Allies* and the programme of which should be drawn up immediately, in all its details.

What I have said about Paris applies, in fact, equally to London, Brussels, Prague, and Milan. Therefore, having called the attention of our British, Belgian, Czecho-Slovakian, and Italian Allies to the danger of a possible bombardment of one of the great capitals, it should be possible to obtain their co-operation in the carrying out of energetic reprisals, *the warning of which is the only*

means of inspiring our enemies with a salutary apprehension. It would be sufficient if every neighbour of Germany undertook, in case any one of them should be attacked, to utilise all its available air forces to reply with a similar attack upon one or several German towns decided upon in advance.

This agreement should fix the exact number of airplanes which each nation would have to appropriate for such defence, as well as the number of tons of bombs, explosives, or poisons which each one would undertake to keep at all times available. These nations together could easily succeed in gathering a fleet of 3,000 or 4,000 airplanes, and the prospect of an invasion by this international fleet would certainly cause Germany to hesitate before she declares the war for which she is now preparing. Such an association of a few nations threatened by a common danger is, moreover, a practical step towards the realisation of the high ideals which inspired the creation of the League of Nations, which has at the present time no means of enforcing its decisions.

The object of this note is to induce our public authorities and those of our Allies to enter into relations with a view to establishing such a convention, and to convince them of the necessity of air forces and chemical industries of a greater total strength than those of Germany.

The Letters of an Englishman

"Pure Poetry"

By Charles Whibley

Not long since Mr. George Moore began to look round for new subjects. "What," said he to himself, "about a discussion on pure poetry?" Having found a satisfactory answer to the question, he took the next step, which was to ask Mr. John Freeman and Mr. Walter de la Mare to dinner, and he has reported, with their consent, the talk, which was exchanged over the grouse. Mr. Moore was the protagonist, of course, in this combat of wits, and, having won the easy assent of his friends, he put together the garland of verse, which he has labelled, somewhat boldly, "Pure Poetry."

Anthologies, the fashion of which is, I hope, passing away, may serve many purposes. They may fill an idle hour, or an empty purse. To make a book out of the spoils of other men is not an arduous task, if it be made at the hazard of a capricious choice. Some anthologists aim at completeness. They would omit nothing from their pages which public taste has sanctified. Others close their covers against anything which is, in their eyes, not of the finest. Francis Palgrave, in his famous *Golden Treasury*, admitted only what he thought "the best original lyrical pieces and songs in our language," and by the word "lyrical" he implied "that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation." So deeply was he tinged with the sentimentality of his time that he hoped, irrelevantly, that his collection might prove a storehouse of delight to Labour and Poverty, and ascribed to the poets of his choice, in terms which would shock Mr. Moore's austerity, "tenderness of feeling and seriousness in reflection."

Mr. Moore has composed his anthology on another

plan. He regards the selection of poems as a method of criticism. He says that he will create a new standard, and he defines "pure poetry" as something that the poet creates outside his own personality. It is at objectivity that he aims. The poems of his anthology shall be "born of admiration of the only permanent world, the world of things." No hint of morality shall invade his *parterre*. "Ideas, thoughts, reflections become common quickly; an idea is mine to-day, yours to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow is on the barrel-organs." Opinions, faiths, religions, he thinks, change with the changing years. Nothing survives, so he says, that is tainted with reflection. "Shakespeare never soiled his songs with thought." Didn't he? Does Mr. Moore really believe that he can put his perverse limitation upon the word "thought," that no thought is necessary for the exquisite choice of words? And Mr. Moore has as keen a scent for what he thinks reflection or morality as a dog for a truffle. He passes a sentence of exclusion upon Wordsworth's *Green Linnet* for one offending line. "Having found so much pleasure in the bird's plumage and song," says Mr. Moore of Wordsworth, "I think he might have omitted:

> The voiceless town he chose to feign."

Why? Even if Wordsworth had written objective poems, Mr. Moore would have none of him. He once wrote about Duty, and that is enough to condemn him. Thus Mr. Moore's suspicion is ever awake. Once upon a time he admired the sonnet on Westminster Bridge, until, "after reading the sonnet again and considering the general tone of it, he discovered a carefully concealed morality in it." Though Wordsworth was careful, Mr. Moore was too cunning for him. Wordsworth, he said, would Christianise the soul in Nature if he got it, and his poem comes under the heading of proselytism in poetry. In other words, it is not "pure," and is sternly discarded by the anthologist. Yet there is nothing about Nature's soul in the poem, no hint of Christianity, no attempt to proselytise anybody.

Having explained the purpose of his anthology, having declared that he will admit nothing that is not objective, that he is a stern champion of Art for Art's sake, Mr.

Moore proceeds to confute his own gospel by his selection. Again and again the reader comes upon poems which, if they point no moral, have no claim to be called objective. When Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan* did he keep his eye fixed upon the pleasure-dome decreed in Xanadu? Did he follow with his vision the sacred river, Alph, as it ran down to a sunless sea? Did the Abyssinian maid's symphony and song fall upon his listening ear? Of course, none of these things happened to him. Objectivity and Art for Art's sake have, indeed, little to do with one another. And if Coleridge served no illicit purpose in writing *Kubla Khan*, he assuredly did not write with his eye on the object. If he had, he would have sketched in satiric verse "the person on business" from Porlock, who had disturbed his dream.

And what is Edgar Allan Poe doing in this austere world of Mr. Moore's, a world impenetrable by thought or morality, a world in which there is no room for dreams or visions, a world in which every eye is turned upon a natural object, which must be described for its own sake alone? Did Poe walk in the Dreamland of his own invention,

> By the dismal tarns and pools
> Where dwell the ghouls?

Did he, like the traveller, "meet aghast Sheeted Memories of the Past"? Did he, in bodily presence, walk "by the dim lake of Auber, In the misty mid region of Weir," until he came to the vault of his lost Ulalume?

Nor is the choice of William Morris happier than the choice of Edgar Allan Poe, if objectivity is what the critic is after. Morris was conscious very seldom of the world that lay about him. He looked upon the past with the eyes of dead poets. He was no nearer to reality (or objectivity) than were the Pre-Raphaelites, who, when their own vision failed them, went back arbitrarily to a time and a place of their own selection. That which William Morris saw, he saw as faded tapestry. Read the opening verses of *Golden Wings*, of which Mr. Moore is loud in appreciation :—

> Midways of a wallèd garden,
> In the happy poplar land,
> Did an ancient castle stand,
> With an old knight for a warden.

Many scarlet bricks there were
In its walls, and old grey stone;
Over which red apples shone
At the right time of the year,

and ask yourself if they, too, are objective, and not rather the description of an ancient picture, woven, illuminated, or painted, which the poet had seen long since and treasured in his memory. And how is it that Blake's line, obviously moral—"If they all do their duty, they need not fear harm"—escaped Mr. Moore's critical eye?

Mr. Moore's principle breaks down because it is a false principle. Poetry is none the purer because thought and reflection are excluded from it. Art, to be sure, is a first charge (so to say) upon every form of expression, and Art for Art's sake is a sound maxim, if it means that without Art nothing in verse or prose, in paint or sculpture, can survive or exist. But the province of Art cannot be limited as Mr. Moore would limit it. A philosopher may be, and has been, an artist. A sermon may be, and has been, a work of art. So far is Mr. Moore from the truth that it might be said that no man ever created a work of art without taking thought and putting into his masterpiece much of his thought. In no sense is Mr. Moore justified of the principle to which he himself does not conform. Poetry is not made with eyes. Once upon a time Degas, the painter, was minded to compose poetry, and being surprised at his lack of success he sought the advice of Mallarmé. "I cannot understand it," said he, as M. Valéry told the story; "I cannot write poetry, and yet I have plenty of ideas." To which Mallarmé replied: "Ideas! You don't write poetry with ideas. You write poetry with words." Indeed it is not with ideas nor with eyes that poetry is written. It is with words, and if Mr. Moore will revise his principle, and frame a new definition of "pure poetry," he will make a new anthology, which shall not exclude most of the greatest poets, except Shakespeare, and which will find a place for more of Milton and Keats than is admitted, and for much even of the condemned William Wordsworth himself.

Mr. Moore is the victim of a kind of *naïveté*. He is

careless both of facts and of principles. At the end of his discourse he discusses, summarily, objectivity in painting. And having excluded from "pure poetry" everything that is not visible, he admits that in painting, whose problem is the same as poetry's in the end, "circumstances cannot deepen or lighten the colour of a man's mind." Indeed it cannot, and what, then, comes of objectivity in any of the arts? So he goes on to confuse the mind of Frans Hals—a "giggling, ale-house mind," he describes it without warrant—with his work, as Ruskin himself might have confused them. And then, to make confusion worse confounded, he tells us that Fromentin in *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois* prefers the Burgomasters of Hals to the *Régentes* of the Hospital—they are not paupers, the old ladies, as Mr. Moore calls them. Fromentin did nothing of the sort. His own words are plain enough. "Entre le tableau de 1616 et le tableau de 1664," thus he writes, "je n'hésiterais pas, et bien entendu c'est le dernier que je choisirais. A ce moment extrême, Hals est un homme qui sait tout, parce que dans des enterprises difficiles il a successivement tout appris." Mr. Moore confesses that he could not quote from Fromentin because his book had disappeared from his shelves, and perhaps, if some of the poets had not disappeared with Fromentin, he might have found another principle for his anthology and a wider choice.

Lady Hester Stanhope

A Sybil of the East

By E. V. Windsor

To condense within a short span of years an epitome of almost all the emotions, to realise the heights of love and descend the depths of despair and disappointment, to be at one time a monarch of intellectual society and at another little less than an autocratic ruler of savage tribes, to taste power and worship and to know the bitter potion of neglect, abandonment, and forgetfulness, and finally to die, lonely, disillusioned, with none by but the vultures scarce waiting the end to rifle the corpse—that, surely, is life and such an one has lived.

Scarcely known to this generation, Lady Hester Stanhope was, perhaps, the most remarkable figure in an age of giants. Daughter of that Earl of Stanhope who made the first steamboat and who fought the cause of democracy in the House of Lords, and granddaughter, on her mother's side, of Chatham, Lady Hester entered the world the child of great ancestors.

Losing her mother—Pitt's favourite sister—when she was a young girl, her early years—till, in fact, she was twenty-four—were passed in the rather sorry surroundings of a house neglected by her step-mother, and ruled by the violent autocracy of a father who, nevertheless, from his study called himself "Citizen Stanhope," the champion of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.

Escaping, at the age of twenty-four, from the tyranny of her father's house, she went to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham, and on her death, three years later, accepted the offer of a home with her uncle—Pitt—with whom she resided till his death.

The three years passed in her uncle's house were spent in the very centre of the most splendid power. She ruled

the house with vivacity, became the heart of the great circle in which she moved, was generally liked and courted. A somewhat outrageous flirtation with Lord Granville became the talk of society, and when he, declaring he could never marry her, left the country for Russia, Lady Hester professed extreme distraction, said she had been jilted, and encouraged gossip to believe affairs with her suitor had passed the limits condoned by even the loose ideas then prevalent.

In the midst of this maëlstrom a bomb burst with startling suddenness. Her uncle died and Lady Hester found herself fallen from her pedestal and living in a small house on a pension of £1,200 a year.

She continued her life in society and tongues still wagged. Her name was joined with those of Canning and Sir John Moore. To the latter she afterwards confessed to have been engaged, though there seems some doubt about this. It is certain that much tenderness existed between them, and when her favourite brother—Charles—was killed beside Sir John, it was natural that the double blow caused her retirement from London.

At thirty-four she set sail for Gibraltar—never to return—although it is fairly clear that at the time she had no thought of a lifelong exile.

Gradually she moved further eastward, accompanied by a retinue of servants, her maid, and private physician. Progressing like a queen, she passed through Malta and Athens to Constantinople. She made her passages in warships and lodged with ambassadors. After an abortive attempt to get to France to see Napoleon, she decided to visit Egypt, and chartering a vessel sailed for Alexandria in 1811. The ship was wrecked off the island of Rhodes, and after enduring severe privations the party eventually reached Alexandria. This experience seems to have decided Lady Hester's future. When wrecked off Rhodes she was compelled to exchange her clothes for those of a Turkish gentleman. This dress she never afterwards abandoned. The Orient had her in its grip. For some years her life was a triumphal progress. She was received by the Pasha and travelled in state wherever she went. She wore the most gorgeous Oriental costumes and, not content with her own metamorphosis, attempted the

orientalisation of her servants. Her maid was forced, protesting, into trousers. The maid, the doctor, and the servants were given Turkish names. Lady Hester continued her progress through Jaffa, Acre, and Jerusalem to Damascus. Outside the latter town she was warned of the danger of entering the town, a woman unveiled and in the costume of a man. Rejecting all such well-meant advice, she entered the town unveiled at mid-day. The population were wonderstruck, and shortly became filled with enthusiasm, and her progress through the bazaar became that of a sultan. Not satisfied with even this triumph, Lady Hester sought the accomplishment of something even more glorious. She set off into the desert to visit the ruins of Palmyra, which, so far, only a handful of the most daring of travellers had ever seen. The Bedouins, into whose hands she unhesitatingly cast herself, were enthralled with her prowess as a horsewoman, and guided her with enthusiasm. When, after a week's journey, she reached Palmyra, the inhabitants—wild with joy—crowned her under the ruins of the temple of Zenobia with garlands of flowers.

This seemed to be the zenith of Lady Hester's track through the East. She was still treated as a Royal personage, and her fame spread still farther, but her own mind about this time seemed filled with uncertainty. Could she cut herself off for ever from her earlier associations? Yes. Assuredly yes. The East was alone endurable and full of sympathy. Then plague struck her down, and after months of suffering she took up her abode in an old monastery on Mount Lebanon. A sudden unrest took her from there to Ascalon, where she started excavations in search of treasure. These proving abortive, she returned to her monastery, only to leave it again in 1816 for a house higher up Mount Lebanon. Here she was destined to live till her death, twenty years later. Ensconced in a domain of sublime beauty, she lived out her life of vanity and dubious empire over her neighbours. Her reputation spread almost to the ends of the earth. Travellers brought back tales of eastern pomp and splendour and an almost imperial power. Her position was by no means a solid one, since she was but the tenant of her house at a rent of £20 a year, yet she thought herself more than an imaginary

ruler. If a traveller were murdered in the desert, she ordered the avenging of his death and the offenders were punished. The ignorant and superstitious population around her loved and feared her. Such was her power over the native tribes that Ibrahim Pasha, when about to invade Syria in 1832, thought it well to solicit her neutrality.

Her expenses must have been enormous. Her hospitality was on a royal scale, and wealth poured out like water. Her servants robbed her, she fell into the hands of money-lenders, and her situation at last became acute.

The British authorities worried her about her debts and finally threatened to cut off her pension. The constant necessity of overawing her servants and the native tribes who surrounded her, intensified her imperious temper. She quarrelled with all her friends in England, and finally, after writing impassioned letters to Queen Victoria and her Ministers, she renounced the world, sent her last remaining attendant, Doctor Meryon, back to Europe, and passed her last years amongst her poisonous servants—absolutely alone.

One thinks with some pain of the last of this remarkable woman—astrologer and diviner—lying abed in her gloom. She, the woman who, according to the stars, was to enter Jerusalem side by side with the Mahdi—the Messiah. The woman who had kept two sacred horses ever ready to carry them to this triumph. She, the woman whose mind in those last years must have pilfered the earth and soared through the heavens in a phantasmagoria of recollections. Visions of Pitt and Canning, of Arabia and of the influences of the planets *must* have floated through the clouds of smoke rising from the pipe smoked by this eastern Sybil.

And all the while her rascally servants robbed her and neglected her in her extremity. The end was fast approaching, and, in June, 1839, Lady Hester lay back in her bed from which she was never to rise, her face turned to that garden which she had created—a garden filled with fountains, bowers, and beautiful roses—"inexplicable, grand, preposterous."

Graduated Taxation and Industry

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Hunsdon

"In the army he who carries on without arms, without supplies, without hospital facilities, without any foresight whatsoever, is court-martialled; in civil life we call him an 'optimist' and elect him a Mayor."—*Mankind at the Crossroads.*

NATIONS rise and fall; and when the historian has shown the causes of the fall the reader is filled with astonishment at the blindness which led to it. But indeed it is not so much blindness that leads men to disaster as a sort of moral cowardice, which makes them refuse to face unpleasant facts.

The German menace was plain enough to us all, even without Mr. Leo Maxse's warnings, but we simply turned our heads away and pretended not to see it.

The position now seems to me to be very much the same as it was before the Great War, except that the danger is less imminent, and that the catastrophe, when it comes, will be infinitely greater.

The danger is that under our present system the people of this country, or their children, will starve. We cannot employ our population at present, yet that population is increasing daily, and we are raiding our reserves by super tax and death duties. We are also bent on destroying the class which has shown itself to be capable of increasing the wealth of the country, forgetting that, though Governments may distribute wealth, they cannot distribute ability.

I do not propose to discuss the present position of the country, for I believe that the chaotic condition of Europe, though inconvenient and even dangerous, will gradually improve, and that when Europe recovers there will be a gradual improvement in trade. But it is the future of the country that causes me real anxiety, and the chief reasons for that anxiety are the great and increasing population combined with the loss of capital during the war and the fiscal checks to its accumulation.

The population of this island now must be over

43,500,000; and I have seen it estimated that about two-thirds of the population are dependent for their livelihood on our external trade. The exact figures are of no great importance and, if we take half instead of two-thirds as the correct figure, it still means that the existence of about 22,000,000 of our people depends on the will and power of others to take our goods. Their growing disinclination to do this is indicated by their increasing tariffs and still more by their increasing factories; and when we reflect that, if the rate of increase in population before the war should continue,* we should have another 10,000,000 mouths to feed from this source in the next 25 years, the position of this country appears to be highly precarious.

It would be true to say of us, now, that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and we are, therefore, subject to all the uncertainties of business; and, as we are not self-contained, if we make economic mistakes we cannot maintain ourselves while we recover, unless we have a large supply of capital; moreover, we are not only at the mercy of our own mistakes, but of those of our customers as well.

Therefore, looking at this country as one would look at a business, one would say that the formation of a great reserve fund was essential; and one would have thought that the natural policy to adopt in our present circumstances would be to encourage by every possible means both the adventuring of money in opening up new markets and also the accumulation of capital; so that in times of emergency, or if the opening up of new sources of employment should prove to be inadequate, we might at least be able to provide the increasing population with the means of subsistence; and I know of no way of forming a national reserve fund except by accumulating wealth in the hands of individuals.

Another reason for accumulating capital is to lighten the burden of taxation. We are now in much the same position in regard to the proportion which our debt bears to our wealth as we were after the great French wars. The same problems were discussed then as are discussed now, and the conclusion then arrived at was that

* This rate was about 1 per cent. per annum, after deducting the excess of emigrants over immigrants. The Oversea Settlement Committee estimate the population of Great Britain in mid 1923 at 43,318,000.

every possible incentive should be given to thrift and enterprise by relieving income from taxation, and, of course, leaving capital free also, thus rendering the burden of the debt increasingly lighter by increasing the assets of the country. The success which attended the adoption of that principle * was, of course, increased by the industrial revolution, the free market for labour, better means of transport, and later on by the impetus to trade due to the gold discoveries; but since under that principle we increased our wealth to an extent which, I suppose, was almost without precedent in any country at any time, and since we trebled our population and at the same time greatly improved their standard of living, we have, if not an argument in favour of the complete adoption of that principle at the present time, at all events an argument against its almost complete abandonment. No doubt there was distress during the period following the French War, and possibly the present was at that time unduly sacrificed to the future; but we have now gone to the other extreme, and, while continuing to raid the capital of the country on which the future of the employed class depends, we even relieve that class of the entertainment tax. Thus it is obvious that this class, which is practically the nation, for it is said to constitute 97½ per cent. of the population, is not making sacrifices to restore the prosperity of the country.

We may here recall that in 1798 an income tax of 10 per cent. was imposed and that it was taken off in 1816, and the whole revenue was raised from duties. A small income tax was again imposed in 1842 and continued yearly. During the first half of the century we became the workshop of the world under a system of Protection, and during the last half we increased our prosperity under Free Trade; but during the whole period the underlying principle was to give the greatest possible encouragement to thrift and private enterprise.

The extraordinary success which attended this principle

* The nation's wealth in 1817 is estimated by Mr. Harvey Fisk at £2,600,000,000; therefore the proportion of debt to wealth was about 33 per cent. Taking Sir Josiah Stamp's estimate of £14,319,000,000 as the nation's wealth in 1914, the proportion of debt to wealth was about 5 per cent.—the debt in the meantime having been reduced from £850,000,000 to £707,000,000.

really constitutes our greatest danger at the present time, because most people, who know nothing about principles or the working of business, take it for granted that when the world gets straight again this success will return, whatever principles we may adopt; and they do not realise that the world now has its own workshops, and that almost all the conditions have changed under which we worked during the last century; and my fear is that in this country we shall end by justifying the Dean of St. Paul's dictum that "nothing fails like success."

The intention and effect of disproportionate taxation of the rich are to provide the poorer classes with means for greater expenditure, with the result that the expenditure of the country increases and savings diminish; for it is the rich who, in proportion to their incomes, are the saving class, and the poor who are the spending class. The rich man when lightly taxed cannot spend his income, and his surplus income when invested is a reserve for the employment of the population in the future, and, of course, often gives employment to the present population as well.

People forget that a man must give employment when he spends his money and must make it available for future employment when he saves it. Thus, when we throw the burden of taxation on those best able to bear it we are also throwing it in its entirety on present and future employment. Of course, large incomes are superfluities as regards the subsistence of the individual owners, but they are an essential part of the mechanism of trade. Mr. Henry Ford, the motor manufacturer, stated the other day that he lived on 1 per cent. of his income; and thus before the surtax was introduced he was able to build up the greatest individual industry in the world, with enormous benefit to the working classes of his country.

Mr. Ford's case is no doubt exceptional, at least in its magnitude; but even if we take the war profiteers and the idle rich, if indeed such people exist outside the comic papers and platform speeches, they also are useful from the point of view of a reserve fund, in so far as they are unable or unwilling to spend their incomes. For all rich men are the holders and, as I believe, the only possible holders, of the nation's reserve.

The savings of the poorer classes amount to very little,

for even after all these years the total deposits in the Post Office and trustees savings banks only amount to £370,000,000, and, though some of the poorer classes invest in War Savings Certificates and other securities, all their savings must amount to a very small percentage of the money which has passed through their hands.

But it is to the variation of the quality of surplus income when in different hands to which I wish to call particular attention. The prosperity of this country has been made by adventuring money in new enterprise, and the present "steep" graduation of taxation not only checks the accumulation of capital, but has to a great extent stopped new enterprise and will, I think, stop it more completely as time goes on, for in any risk that is taken the Government now take a very large share of the profits and leave the whole loss to the adventurer.

The poor are not justified in risking their money, and the banks are not justified in risking that of their customers; and joint stock companies, unless they are formed for the express purpose of conducting risky business, such as mines, are managed by Boards who naturally play for safety, as they would get no advantage if they were successful and they would receive much criticism and might lose their posts if they made losses in new enterprise.

Therefore, for new enterprise the private adventurer is required, and under the present system he has but little inducement to operate, even if the Government has left him any income with which to do it; and it must be borne in mind that very few people would be willing to risk their capital in an uncertain business, so that it is on surplus income that new enterprise must depend.

Take the case of a projected railway abroad for which money is required for the survey and concession. A private firm or financier might have been willing to find the money if they had surplus income to risk and if their prospect of profit would make it worth while to run that risk. But as things are (and to consider the business at all the adventurer must be rich and therefore liable to the higher rates of tax) the Government would take up to 50 per cent. of the profits if there were any, and up to 40 per cent. of the balance when the adventurer died; so naturally the tendency is to turn the business down. If it

were not for these heavy taxes he might have undertaken the business, and formed an English company to build the railway, which would have placed the order for rolling stock and rails in this country. The wants of the employees would have been supplied by this country; the development of the district would have opened up a new market for the goods of this country; and in the extensions and renewals of the railway this country would have had in perpetuity a sort of " tied house " to take its products.

It is contended that, as the total proceeds of the super-tax only amount to about £60,000,000, and as they are derived partly from the incomes of men who are not in business, a reduction in the super-tax, though it would increase savings, would not provide a very large sum for adventuring money in new business. This contention is true, but, though the surplus income taken from business men may not be very large, it is that income which—to use a well-worn metaphor—is the spear-head of industry; and our statesmen, who are necessarily ignorant of its importance, disregard the experience of the past because they do not understand it.

A striking example of the manner in which the high super-tax rates have operated to discourage industrial expansion has been given by Mr. Guggenheim, of the American mining firm of Guggenheim Brothers. Mr. Mellon—Secretary to the Treasury of the U.S.A.—had proposed to reduce the maximum super-tax to 25 per cent. in order to encourage the rich to put their money into industrial enterprise instead of into tax-free securities; and in support of this proposal Mr. Guggenheim informed Mr. Mellon that his firm had for many years been in the habit of devoting a large sum per annum (some $400,000 if I recollect right) to the development of mining ventures and general investigation in connection with their business. But with a high rate of super-tax ruling Mr. Guggenheim pointed out that, after spending a considerable sum of money on a mining claim, the larger proportion of the profits would be taken by the Government if it should prove successful, and if the venture should turn out a failure the loss would be his. Therefore, there was now no inducement to his firm to put their money at risk.

Even the ordinary investor, who is probably not subject

to the highest rate of taxation, is now disinclined to take risks; and an examination of the statistics would show that the proportion of investments in ordinary shares of industrial undertakings is nowadays almost negligible, as compared with investments in debentures and Government loans.

With the present high graduation, no large private firms who have money to risk in opening up new markets can hope to continue indefinitely, as the death duties swallow up their capital, and the super-tax prevents them from accumulating capital to take its place.

Death duties seem to me to have almost every defect that a tax can possess. They are uncertain in their operation, they are a tax on pure savings, and they are liable to evasion by means of gifts *inter vivos*, trusts for children, and the like. In Italy, in August, 1923, they abolished all death duties within the family and greatly reduced, and in some cases halved, the remainder; and I cannot do better than quote the words of Signor de Stefani when he introduced this reform. He said: "The Government holds that this radical measure will have a wide repercussion, direct and indirect, on public economy and on the accumulation of capital and private savings. It is of opinion that the immediate loss to the Treasury will be more than compensated, not only by the performance of an act of justice, but by a real general increase of prosperity." He then mentions the respect of the Fascisti for family life and the Roman law of property, and adds: "For both these reasons it is anxious to avoid a financial system which leads the citizen to think only of his individual life, to save only in his own interest, to prefer a life annuity to an insurance in favour of his descendants, and to squander rather than to save—all to the detriment of capital, which is the productive energy of the nation."

On the information of an Italian banker, I am able to say that Signor de Stefani's forecast is proving correct; that already a certain amount of capital is coming into the country, and that there is "a real general increase of prosperity."

I think that it is certain that the high graduation of taxes on capital and income discourages the adventuring of money in new enterprise and checks the accumulation

of capital, and I suggest that the present rate of accumulation of capital is insufficient to provide for our great and increasing population and to form a reserve against future wars.

As an indication of the correctness of this suggestion I will quote the Board of Trade's estimate of Britain's surplus available for investment abroad in the years 1913 and 1923. This estimate gives £181,000,000 as available in 1913 and £97,000,000 as available in 1923; and if we take the decreased value of the £ sterling into account the comparison would be £181,000,000 in 1913 and £55,000,000 in 1923. These figures, which are thought by some to understate the case,* are arrived at by taking the estimated revenue from overseas investments, the estimated revenue from shipping, and the estimated revenue from commissions and other service; and from the total of these, which they call "invisible exports," they deduct the balance of imports over exports. Thus, as any productive home investment would either reduce imports or increase exports, the above figures appear to represent the net profits or savings of the country as a whole; and now that these have fallen from £181,000,000 to £55,000,000, it might be well if our rulers would consider the matters to which I have referred instead of devising plans for unproductive expenditure—every penny of which will fall eventually upon the working classes, either directly or indirectly.

*I quoted these figures in the House of Lords on July 7th, and Lord Emmott considered that they greatly understate the case, as they omit the amounts earned abroad in 1913 and left abroad. He estimates that we were investing from three to four hundred millions of new money in 1913, as against not more than one hundred millions in 1923—and that, of course, in a depreciated currency.

Ulster at the Cross-roads

By H. C. Irwin

CLAUSE XII of the Irish Treaty of 1922 provides for the setting up of a Boundary Commission which "shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, as far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland."

Any Commission appointed in accordance with this somewhat enigmatic provision will find itself confronted with two initial problems:—

(1) Within what areas are the wishes of the inhabitants to be consulted?

(2) How are those wishes to be ascertained?

To the first of these questions it seems beyond the wit of man to find a logically satisfactory answer. Is a whole county to be taken as a unit? But why draw the line at a county? Why not part of a county, or two counties, or the whole six counties? Everything would, in fact, depend on the bias of the Commissioners. The Free State nominee would probably insist on taking as units the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, South Armagh, Newry, a bit of South Down, and Derry City, in all of which there is, or is supposed to be, a majority of Roman Catholics, and any arbitrator appointed by the present English Government would probably agree with his contention. Is it surprising that Sir James Craig and his colleagues have declined to bind themselves to accept a decision which might, and probably would, reduce the area of Northern Ireland to the counties of Antrim and Londonderry—*minus* Derry City—with portions of Down and Armagh?

Secondly, as to the wishes of the inhabitants of whatever units may be adopted by the Commissioners; how are those wishes to be ascertained? Is it to be assumed that every Roman Catholic wishes to be included in the

Free State? Such an assumption would be quite inaccurate. Is a *plébiscite* to be taken? But the more ignorant of the Roman Catholic population have no faith in the secrecy of the ballot, and would be an easy prey to fanatical wirepullers. Doubtful voters would in many cases be constrained to pose as illiterates, and to allow some trusty agent to mark their voting papers for them.

It may be admitted that the existing boundary line has "economic and geographic" disadvantages. But the tension and ill-feeling which any alteration of it must inevitably provoke would largely outweigh any benefits that might be gained, and it is much to be regretted that Clause XII ever found its way into the Treaty. But if a Boundary Commission is to be set up, *nolente aut volente* Ulster, the least mischievous course would be to insert in the amending Bill a proviso limiting the enquiry to parishes or other small areas on either side of the existing border, in which it might be possible to ascertain roughly the general wishes of the inhabitants.

The loyalists of Northern Ireland have always regarded Clause XII as a gross breach of faith and a violation of the Act of 1920, by which the six counties were constituted as a self-governing portion of the United Kingdom. But they still hope—though somewhat against hope—that if a Boundary Commission is to be set up, its operation may be strictly limited in the sense suggested above. If this hope is disappointed, and if from a third to a half of the six county area is allotted to the Free State, a new situation will arise, and Northern loyalists will have to decide on their course of action. They may resolve to resist the transfer of their territory by force of arms. As against the Free State forces they might, though largely outnumbered, make a successful stand. It seems unlikely that even a Liberal or Labour Government would venture to order British troops to coerce them, and very doubtful if such an order would be obeyed. But it is not impossible that a Socialist Cabinet might supply the Free State Army with artillery, machine guns, aeroplanes, tanks, and other paraphernalia of war, though it would probably draw the line at poison gas. Northern loyalists might in that case conceivably come to the conclusion that an England which allowed a Government capable of such action to remain in

office was no longer worth sticking to and making sacrifices for, and might be goaded by resentment and despair into making common cause with the South, on condition that Ireland was declared an independent republic. England would then not have a single friend left in Ireland, North or South, with consequences which may be easily imagined if she were again engaged in a big war. It is hardly too much to say that the future of both islands will be determined by the next General Election. Its result will, at any rate, furnish the, as yet, loyal people of Ulster with materials on which to base their decision whether to continue or to abandon their long struggle to remain a part of the United Kingdom.

Secret Societies*

Part I—The Past

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

In the tangled skein of human activities there are dark patches which have either baffled or been ignored by historians. Thus to superficial causes tremendous events have been ascribed, and the under-currents—potent and decisive at times of crisis—have been either disregarded or unsuspected. Below the surface world of action, which historians have sought to portray, there lies an under-world, full of mystery and pregnant with meaning, which they have too often neglected to explore. Of this under-world we now have glimpses. What thoughtful student of affairs can fail to note tendencies in our policy, foreign and domestic—tendencies permeating our social life—for which it is difficult to account? During the war certain operations of the Hidden Hand were plainly visible, and the idea of secret agencies naturally became an obsession in some minds, soon to be forgotten. The Hidden Hand was not withdrawn after the Armistice, and secret agencies, even more dangerous, are stealthily at work wherever Christian civilisation, and the British Empire especially, are open to attack.

In *World Revolution* Mrs. Webster conveyed warnings and revelations so damaging as to cause a most important book to be boycotted as far as the resources of the Hidden Hand permitted. In *Secret Societies* she has carried her investigations further and deeper, powerfully reinforcing her earlier works, tracing the evolution of secret organisations, their machinery, their objects, and their achievements, through nineteen centuries, and linking them together in the long train of causation, leading with deadly

* *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*, by Nesta H. Webster. Boswell Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.

certainty to the present world ferment, which should now be plain to the dullest imagination.

Her method throughout is rigidly scientific. With infinite care and labour she has collected a huge mass of documentary evidence, and, as she justly claims,

> If I then fail to convince the incredulous that secret forces of revolution exist, it will not be for want of evidence.

She is never dogmatic. Where the evidence is conclusive, the moral is driven home. If there is doubt, in the absence of some connecting link not yet discovered, she presents her case and leaves it to the judgment of her readers. Part I of her fascinating volume traces the history of secret societies down to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati and the "climax" in the French Revolution.

"The ancient secret tradition" had its roots in the East, and the Jewish Cabala, on which the Talmud is partly based, has origins far earlier than the Christian era. Yet, as Mrs. Webster conclusively proves, the mysteries of the Cabala, which include the idea of Jewish world supremacy, run right through all occultist organisations and are embedded in the structure of Freemasonry. This is a startling fact, and so far the evidence is complete, whatever may be the date of the *Sepher Toldos Jeschu*, which embodies the attack on Christianity in one aspect. Gnosticism, the results of which were "not to Christianise the Cabala, but to Cabalise Christianity," is said to have been founded by the Jew Simon Magus with a centre at Alexandria. Whether the Gnostics formed "a secret society or a ramification of secret societies" is not clear; but they represented the earliest form of the attack upon the religion of Christ. Manicheism, which followed, originated in Persia, was also infected with Cabalism, and carried on the attack, becoming the source of inspirations which were to reach Europe and produce immense effects.

> Manichean demonology paved the way for the placation of the powers of darkness practised by the Euchites at the end of the fourth century, and later by the Paulicians, the Bogomils, and the Luciferians.

This evil cult is by no means extinct.

A parallel "revolt against Islam" developed in the seventh century, in which Ismailis, Karmathites, Fatimites, Druses, and Assassins played their parts. Of these the

Fatimites and Druses at least drew inspiration from the Grand Lodge of Cairo and were regular secret societies with degrees of initiation on Masonic lines. Their object was to place power in the hands of a few men "under the cloak of religion and piety." All apparently perished. The Assassins, after murdering each other, like the French Revolutionaries, were swept away by the Mongol hordes; but their methods and teaching were passed down to permeate Europe, while those of the Fatimites formed "the model for the Illuminati of the eighteenth century."

From these Eastern origins Mrs. Webster leads us with a sure hand through the Occultism of the Middle Ages, the Satanists and the Magicians, down to the Illuminati, the Grand Orient and the deep intrigues of Frederick the Great against France. Through these many movements, from the fourteenth century at least, runs the trail of Rosicrucianism; but "the whole story of this fraternity is wrapped in mystery." Mrs. Webster tells us the "Grand Legend" of Christian Rosenkrentz, which she regards as apocryphal. The Rosicrucians drew part inspiration from the German Paracelsus, practised alchemy and seem also to have dealt with "venefic magic" in the form of "potions, philtres, and various preparations of poisons," which were in wide use in the seventeenth century and became notorious in the *Affaire des Poisons*, starting with the infamous career of the Marquise de Brinvilliers in 1666. The followers of the Rosy Cross were, however, successful in concealing their doctrines, which have connections which Templarism and the Vehmgerichts, both associated with the origins of Freemasonry.

It is impossible here to give any idea of the wealth of information which Mrs. Webster's researches have provided, or of the vivid interest of the chapters on "The Templars," "The Origins of Free Masonry," and "The Jewish Cabalists." The Templar Order, started in 1118 with praiseworthy objects, became penetrated and utterly demoralised until it was suppressed alike by Philippe le Bel and by Edward II, to be revived under other names in Germany. The story of Falk, "the Ba'al Shem of London," a Cabalistic Jew who, like Marx, transferred himself to this country, is amazing. This man was certainly in touch with the engineers of the French Revolu-

tion, and his doctrines are prominent to-day. As Mrs. Webster asks,

> Has not the idea of the "World State," "The Universal Republic," become the war-cry of the International Socialists, the Grand Orient Masons, the Theosophists, and the world revolutionaries of our own day?

The initiation of the future Frederick the Great as a Freemason in 1738, referred to by Carlyle in his most misleading book as a "very trifling circumstance," was, as Mrs. Webster proves up to the hilt, a most important matter. We now know that Carlyle was gratuitously dry-nursed at this period by Joseph Neuberg, a German Jew, and received a Prussian decoration for his services. Similar neglect to look below the surface caused Lord Morley to write an equally misleading account of the Encyclopædists, who worked under the auspices of Frederick, and when they reached the letter P, significantly provided

> a panegyric on the virtues and the talents of the illustrious Monarch who presided over the destinies of that favoured country [Prussia]. . . . The *Encyclopédie* was essentially a Masonic publication. . . . But in using the lodges to sow the seeds of revolution the Encyclopædists betrayed not only the cause of Monarchy, but of Masonry as well.

The Prussian monarchy, however, was in no danger, while the clouds gathered darkly over France, as the various forces at the disposal of Frederick the Great were marshalled for her destruction.

Of Weishaupt and the Bavarian Illuminati, Mrs. Webster provides a mass of information of first-class importance in relation not only to the French Revolution, but to the secret societies of the present day. Weishaupt himself was, like Marx, a borrower who undoubtedly derived his ideas from the Jewish Cabalists, the mystery men, including the "Comte de St. Germain" and the "Comte de Cagliostro," of whom we have an illuminating account in Chapter VII; but he was, as Louis Blanc wrote, "one of the profoundest conspirators that ever existed." It was his object to draw together existing bodies and manipulate them for the purposes of world revolution by methods which, in their malignant subtlety, can only be described as diabolical. With this dark and complex conspiracy Frederick the Great, his special agent Anacharsis Clootz, Mirabeau, the "Cabalistic sect" of Martinistes, and the illuminised Freemasons were

involved. The Illuminati group was supposed to have been broken up in 1786 by the Bavarian Government; but it survived, and Weishaupt himself remained active behind the scenes in Germany. Mrs. Webster has found in the secret reports made by an agent of Napoleon in 1813 and 1814, which she quotes at length, startling evidence of the continuous working of Illuminism, from which the Tugendbund derived. Her outstanding achievement is perhaps that she has unmasked what the anarchist Bakunin, whose knowledge was extensive and peculiar, subsequently called the "German-Jew company." This association, potent in the French Revolution, was active in 1914 and in 1917, and has not yet been dissolved. In the eighteenth century, Illuminism was "not subversive of German patriotism," nor is it a menace to Germany to-day. While this revolution was "prepared in the Lodges of Freemasons," into which Weishaupt's agents had penetrated, and which were used by the infamous Duc d'Orleans, himself in secret relations with the Jew Falk, there were many French Freemasons who were "not conscious allies" of the directors of the great conspiracy. This is the characteristic feature of secret societies which have degrees of initiation varied to suit the mentality of individuals, the result being an instrument controlled by "concealed superiors," but capable of attaching to itself and manipulating large numbers for objects not generally understood.

Mrs. Webster adds some remarkable facts to those embodied in her *French Revolution*, in which she underrated the work of the Jews, who "gained immensely from the overthrow of the old order," and who themselves claimed to be effective participants. In 1789 they addressed the National Assembly, declaring that "the zeal we have shown in accelerating the revolution" merited recognition, and adding:

> Nosseigneurs, we are all very good citizens, and in this memorable revolution we dare to say that there is not one of us who has not proved himself.

M. Léon Kahn, a Jew, writing in 1898, refers to achievements previously unknown, and the *Protocols* advance claims to the whole credit. Much still remains to be revealed, and there is no evidence that Jews financed

the revolution, as they helped to finance Cromwell, Charles II, and William III, in every case with advantage to their race.

In France as the storm approached there was apathy like our own to-day; but in 1789 the Marquis de Luchet, a Liberal aristocrat, foretold what was to follow with astounding accuracy:—

> Deluded people . . . learn that there exists a conspiracy of despotism against liberty, of incapacity against talent, of vice against virtue, of ignorance against enlightenment. . . . Its object is universal domination. This plan may seem extraordinary, incredible—yes, but not chimerical . . . no such calamity has ever yet afflicted the world.

He ended with a despairing appeal to the European Powers:—

> Masters of the world, cast your eyes on a desolated multitude; listen to their cries, their tears, their hopes. A mother asks you to restore her son, a wife her husband, your cities for the fine arts which have fled from them, the country for citizens, the fields for cultivators, religion for forms of worship, and Nature for beings of which she is worthy.

Only five years later, as Mrs. Webster points out, "the countryside of France was desolate, art and commerce were destroyed, and women following the tumbril that carried Fouquier-Tinville to the guillotine cried out: 'Give me back my brother, my son, my husband!'" Just such an appeal might be made on behalf of the Russian people to-day. Lombard de Langres in 1820 attributed to Mirabeau the words:—

> The sect uses the populace as *chair à révolution*, as prime material for brigandage, after which it seizes the gold and abandons generations to torture. It is veritably the code of hell.

And Chamfort, "the friend and confidant of Mirabeau," explained that—

> the nation is a great herd that only thinks of coursing, and with good sheepdogs the shepherds can train it as they please. . . . Money and the hope of plunder are all-powerful with the people.

This "code of hell" has been handed down to succeeding generations. It appears in "the correspondence of the 'Alta Vendita,' in the *Dialogues aux Enfers* by Maurice Joly, in the *Revolutionary Catechism* of Bakunin, in the *Protocols* of the Elders of Zion, and in the writings of the Bolsheviks to-day." It can also be traced

in the teaching now permitted to be given to our young children under Communist guidance.

In quitting Part I, Mrs. Webster remarks that—

> the secret history of Europe during the last two hundred years yet remains to be written. Until viewed in the light of the *dessous des cartes*, many events that have taken place during this period must remain incomprehensible.

Her laborious and profound researches have, however, already proved the necessity for the re-writing of much history, which partly from ignorance, but occasionally with inspired purpose, has contributed to perversions of judgment now painfully apparent.

In Part II Mrs. Webster gives a masterly survey of the forces, secret and open, now working strenuously to destroy Christian civilisation, which is "the final goal of world revolution," and links these deadly forces with the distant past.

(To be concluded.)

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

A Heathen War

"Well, what's the news, Sarn't?" asked Heddle, as he noted Sergeant Murphy zealously studying the evening paper.

"News is it?" replied the Sergeant. "Sure there isn't anny, except that the clotch hat, with thriflin' modifications in the brim, is still favoured be thim that wears it, bar-silver—somethin' in your line, Heddle—is in demand, summer-like weather is predicted for this winter, which is only to be expected, and the farmers and milko-merchants are havin' a hand-to-hand battle on and for the body of the consumer. That's the whole news. Sure isn't it the dead season whin we're all out of Town, tossin' the dice at Aches or the caber at Braemar?

"Thrue, there are several little bits of news thricklin' in from abroad. You see, Heddle, the Peace of Versales was a hurried job, and there are wan or two small altherations required before it fits the world's figure.

"There's Egypt wantin' the decree agen this counthry made absolute, with alimony in the shape of the Soudan. The gallant little Jap is findin' that even the thradesman's inthrance to the U.S.A. is barred to him, and he's half clinchin' his fist and doin' dumb-bell exercise. The Spanish adoption of Morocco is proceedin' with irritatin' slowness, mainly because the festive Othellos of thim parts don't love their fosther mother and declare the same be means of machine guns. Th' Arabs in Palestine are patiently awaitin' an opportunity of fallin' on the necks of their Jew lodgers, and testin' their jugulars. In Injia the thrue lovers of freedom, represintin' a clear wan per cint. of the population, are demandin' possession of the premises. The Germans are thrainin' armies a million sthrong, and avertin' suspicion be callin' thim the Ancient Ordher of Boche Oddfellows (Potsman Unity). The Frinch in self-defince are recruitin' every available coon in North Africa, so that wan man in every three in the Army answers to the name of Private Massa Johnson. Russia, afther

pleadin' the Gamin' Act, is applyin' for her discharge in bankruptcy, and is askin' for a loan from her creditors so as to make a fresh start, but is meanwhile keepin' the Red Army sthropped and ready for action. Altogether there's the makin's of a good scrap wherever you look, and there's no fear that the League of Nations will be dhrawin' the dole for want of a job. But, barrin' the little eruption in Morocco, it's the close season for war just now, and it will be until the diplomatists are back from the Long Vacation."

"There's a war in China, ain't there?" asked Heddle.

"Yes," answered the Sergeant, "but only a heathen war. A Christian counthry that took part in such a thing would be blackballed. Sure I've heard me grandfather tell of a faction fight in Ireland that had more casualties than thim poor ignorant Chinks can projuice in a month.

"Afther all, Heddle, we must remimber that thim Chinamin are nearly half-civilised and wear throusers—though the use of braces, I hear, is not yet universal—and their method of fightin' is bringin' disgrace on an honoured profission. It must make the blush of shame leap to the cheek of manny an old dug-out whin he hears of a good battle bein' abandoned because the weather was inclimint. Do you remimber Passchendaele, Heddle? We didn't postpone the fixture with Jerry just because the ground was unplayable. We're civilised, you see.

"And somebody ought to put a stop to the undignified inthroduction of war be auction. Last Friday wan Chinese gineral sint out a price list showin' what he was prepared to pay for deserters. The next day his opponent sint for his chartered accountant and said, 'Add twinty-five per cint. to thim prices, and sind out circulars to the scoundhrels facin' us and tell thim of our bonus scheme.' The other fellow thin puts another tin per cint. on to his offer, and says he'll throw in a pair of chop sticks with a monogram to every deserter that arrives before lunch on the fourth prox. And so it goes on until the throops refuse to go into action, and simply watch the ticker with the latest quotations from G.H.Q."

"Silly blinkin' war I call it," said Heddle.

"I don't know," replied the Sergeant. "Wait till we see what the film rights fetch."

Samuel Butler:

Of the Way of All Flesh

By M. P. Willcocks

One of the successors of that invaluable woman, Molière's housekeeper, was shown a portrait of Samuel Butler in middle age and asked what she thought of him. After a pause for reflection, she answered: "He looks as if he had a stomach-ache, but when it's over, I think he's got a joke ready."

Is it not true, in fact, that those who have the real taste for Butler can scarcely tell whether they like him for the laughter or the stomach-ache?

Everyone suffers from that "stomach-ache" nowadays—everyone, that is, who cannot bring himself to crawl inside his own private cubby-hole and there live, hermetically sealed from the world outside. Usually it is the pain of the universe, that groaning and travailing of sentient creatures, which never ceases to sound its terrible rhythm in our ears. But what Butler heard was somewhat different from this: he was kind to the outcast cats of Clifford's Inn, he hated the righteous men who vivisect, and applauded Pauli when he made the mice from his chambers "wards in Chancery" by letting them loose in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, but it was rather the meanness than the cruelty of life that drove him into the lists of those who struggle. And, since the meanness of either a house or a society implies meanness of design, it was to design that he applied himself.

When we think of Butler we see him standing in a Victorian dining-room, by the side of a frightful coal-scuttle, and surrounded by clumsy tables and chairs, a solid man who is daily growing heavier in build and more pouched under the eyes. In youth he was apparently virile and muscular, and, bodily at any rate, would seem

to have fulfilled his destiny more suitably as a miner or railwayman than as a sedulous frequenter of the Museum reading room. It is only in his old age that the inner writing of the intellect has come out on his face. And of that "writing" we know what Butler himself thought when he found it in the features of his fellow-thinkers. He could see nothing in it but an ugly scar. Indeed, if we put Butler's portrait beside that of a Goethe or a Beethoven, we can make a shrewd guess as to why he set these men among the humbugs of the world. Yet the secret of Butler's personality is that he loved beauty above all other things; honest beauty, that is, with no touch of the sham about it. The only grace he recognised is that which comes from lines that are truly expressive of the original design. Throughout the age of virtuous sham it was Butler who insisted that, unless the bones of a thing are right, the whole thing is damned in lock, stock, and barrel. Everything with him, from the laws of the universe to the theme of a fugue, from the shaping of a character to the structure of a church porch, was a matter of the purpose to be served. Given such and such a plan, he asks, is the expression of it inevitable?

But if the mind of a man is to apply consistently this rule of inevitable expression to definite design, and to apply it to all things in heaven and earth, the knife must be used freely. That is, the thinker must put out of the bounds of his consideration a number of great men whose personalities resemble huge vignettes, because the boundary lines of their characters cannot be drawn, since these fade away into the mystery of the unknown. Such men as these either form part of a vast design whose outlines we cannot guess at, much less discern, or they are mad men. "Ghosts," says a character in *Crime and Punishment*, "ghosts are, as it were, shreds and fragments of other worlds—the beginning of them. A man in health has, of course, no reason to see them, because he is above all a man of this earth, and is bound for the sake of completeness and order to live only in this life." Butler, being "a man of this earth," would neither see these uncanny shards of other worlds, nor consort with those who said they saw them. One plane of consciousness was enough for him, and, being in time, he refused to be bothered with

the timeless world. Men not of this kidney he pushed resolutely aside, drawing up at different times different catalogues of the humbugs of the world, and finding it impossible to confine them to seven. "We agreed that Blake was no good because he learnt Italian at over sixty in order to read Dante, and we know Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying." For did not Blake, Dante, and Virgil all conceive that they had caught glimpses of worlds far remote from ours; did not Tennyson declare that the goal which knowledge follows is "beyond the utmost bound of human thought?"

Such men were, of course, anathema to Butler, who conceived that Nature has produced nothing finer than peasants and fishermen, when, at any rate, these are born of the finer races of the world. He was in love, this man of the Victorian parlour, with nothing on earth but the old Pagan life of "grace"; to this he turns in his dreams, and in search of it he sets out on his travels. This grace, which he invokes in the famous purple patch in *Life and Habit*, the grace that was even desired by "unlovely Paul," is nothing more, nothing less, than the joyous daily, care-free life in the sun which he found in the most splendid form in Homer, and persisting still, in humbler guise, among the Italian vine-dressers and fishermen of Sicily. It is Butler's ideal of earthly progress that, when man has explored the darkness, when science has pushed its way through that bitter period when all men and things must need be hideous, that then at last man may return to "the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine"—that is, that men may once more live out the unconscious nobility of body and being which Butler worshipped all his life. True knowledge, he says, is, like true life, unconscious in its power. His hatred is kept for those who "know that they know too well to be able to know truly." Meanwhile, we are in the age of science, and "science is like offences. It needs must come, but woe unto the man through whom it comes; for there cannot be much beauty where there is consciousness of knowledge, and while knowledge is still new it must

in the nature of things involve much consciousness." Who would, he asks, have the Venus of Milo taught to read? Yet no one knows better than Butler that we shall only breed another Venus from parents whose blood and nerves have been enriched by much reading, by much thought. This period of offences must needs be ugly with effort; and therefore Butler, lover as he was of the beautiful Isabella of Arona, must turn his back on her and face the library, the laboratory, and all the other horrors of that research which faces the darkness in order that it may bring life; which grows ugly and lined in face in the features of its professors in order that future generations may be more beautiful than any that have ever walked the earth. The only way to get over a thing is to go through with it: knowledge has to be won now or never.

Everything else is humbug; so Butler feels. The other worlds? What have we to do with them, we who have the groves of earth for our dwelling-place and our joyous part to play in the mighty incarnation of the Great Being who called into manifestation all the life that is; whose cells are the lives of man and beast? So to the gulfs of Dante; to the dark valleys of Virgil; to the planes of consciousness that were sensed by Goethe; to all the dealers in the "shreds and fragments" of strange worlds, Butler says what he said to the spooks of the séance room: "I get along quite nicely as I am. I don't want them to meddle with me."

In this matter Butler is at once the truest critic of English life and the most typical Englishman. For where the commonplace Englishman seeks his comfort by excluding from his consideration the small details which would disturb his peace, Butler closes his mind to the larger nuisances of thought. Nor is he satisfied with the homely sandbag on the window sash which is just enough to keep out the draught without shutting off the view. He builds a wall between himself and these distracting visions of infinity. Consign them all to limbo, is his cry: the spooks, the great Masters, and all the crew of those who play the Pied Piper to the fools here below. Man's business is with the perpetual renewal of life by death and generation; eternal life—all at any rate that we need of it is here in the unfolding of the great power whose body

is made up of our bodies, the bodies of men and beasts; whose experience and consciousness is for ever enriched by the gathered experiences of each one of us, whether we be man, again, or beast; or, for the matter of that, atom or molecule. What need have we, then, to imagine an Absolute with the metaphysician, or to discover a Summerland with the spiritualist? We have our Absolute in the total memory of earth that is carried in the recesses of each creature's nature; we have all the Summerland we want in the sunlight of to-day and in the possession, which might be ours, of splendid personalities, handsome, amorous and joyous, because free.

From damning the false lights of those older "humbugs" whom he could only see as misleading fools, Butler turned to his contemporaries. "A plague on them all, or almost all," he cries. For they cause the people to "splurge," to gyrate, like silly old women, round idols. The list of those whom Butler "couldn't abide" grew longer year by year; it stretched from Darwin to George Eliot; from Charlotte Brontë to poor Mrs. Ewing and her humble *Jackanapes*. He saw affectation and sentimentality everywhere, and everywhere, too, the dominance of an authority whose title no one paused to investigate. The smaller divinities of the scientific and literary Pantheon went the way of the great gods, or humbugs. "Off with their heads," said Butler, for every Jack and Jill of the lot, in his eyes, was just a tallow candle surrounded by a circle of gnats. Plain-song was what he wanted, with no "shifting diminished sevenths, nor augmented sixths tearing their hair"; with no cross rhythms. In Handel's music you could find a broad and clear design, with no bizarre twisting for the sake of being bizarre. But the final mark of the beast was this: that the less design the prophets had to show, whether in art, in science, or in theology, the more they pontificated. And, therefore, Butler took Pontifex for the name of the creature whom he most loathed on earth, and regarded pontification, that attitude of "when I ope my lips, let no dog bark," as the supreme symbol of the folly that was leading the world along the primrose path.

He set himself, therefore, to the work of smashing pontification in high and low, but particularly in high. In

this business Butler shared a fairly common fate, for, when he went out to do a small thing, to chastise, if not to find, asses, he came upon a big discovery; perhaps in some respects on nothing less than a kingdom. For it was through that true passion in his heart for the bones, the structure, of everything, that he reached the new word, the new conception of life, for which men had been waiting so long. For a long while men had been turning from the idea of a God without, an old man with a beard and the hands that mould men and worlds, kneading them as a man kneads dough into shapes, to a God within, a God who moves by growth from within and who shapes creation as his body. By making such a God conceivable to the intelligence Butler put mind into the universe.

He started on this business most humbly as to method. He felt that this damnable habit of "pontificating" on the part of the few, the scientists and the theologians, would be made impossible once for all if the many could only be induced to form the habit of verifying the references given to them by these self-constituted guides. It is all a question, in religion as well as in science or art, of verifying your references. Is it the Resurrection that is in question? Then just turn up the accounts given in the Gospels and see what you find. Is it civilisation that you want to test? Then consider, not the ant, thou man who would be wise, but the machine. Turn up your references here and read them fairly and squarely. Just see what is the design traced by the evolution of the machine in the past, and think if you like that design. Butler here resembles that grammarian whose funeral Browning attended: he knew that you must "settle Hoti's business" and "properly base Oun," if you want to speak and not stammer. We cannot possibly put up with broken arcs down here if we have no perfect round in heaven wherewith to correct our mathematics. And Peter, wherever he is, has no doubt something better to do than to sort out the tangles made by the lazy knitters on earth. But the devil of it is, as Butler saw from the very beginning, that ninety-nine men out of a hundred have so often been told by the "authorities" that they are incapable of judging for themselves that they believe it, and so are really incapable. They have been befooled by this

"insolence of official persons." We must change all that, says Butler, and so takes off his coat to the job of flaying theories right and left, of digging down to the bones of every popular conception, asking in *Life and Habit* of that catch-word, "survival of the fittest," is it done by Luck or Cunning; and asking, in *The Way of all Flesh*, what is the framework on which respectability is built?

At bottom, of course, Butler is a man of prodigious faith, as well as of vast reverence. Heredity did not fail in him of all men, for although he derided the ancient forms of faith and reverence as these were served by those ancestors of his who filled the "Butlers' Pantry" in Kenilworth Church, yet he trusted as fully to his faith as a man trusts in his power to walk—when he walks. And is not *solvitur ambulando* a great confession of faith? Butler, then, believed that there is no good thing at all unless a mind has designed it; the universe of physical life was, on the whole, a good thing, although it was for the moment going through a bad time. Yet it was good, for it had produced Homer, Shakespeare, Handel, and Giovanni Bellini; it had caused even Paul to write the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians, that great psalm of the acceptance of life even in this provisional stage; it had given birth to peasant and fisherman. For all these reasons, if for no others, one may contend that the created universe is good. But, if so, then it is the work of a mind, of an intelligence, even if that intelligence has been, and still is, groping its way forward. You may know this vast thing, and judge it, as you would know and judge the merest fugue or picture, or piece of design of any kind—by the inevitability of the expression. Whatever God is, He must have this much of the artist about Him; He must be tracing, however instinctively, a design. This design is before you: it is the marvel of the ages and appears now, as it has always appeared, as clothed in flesh and glorified with light and colour without, and with the marvels of consciousness within. We must find the inner plan, the guiding thread, in it, or be damned for fools, cries Butler, turning to take up the job neglected by all the guides; by the high priests of the Church as well as by the leaders of science.

This put him, of course, in opposition everywhere: he

is the upstart, the amateur, in every department. He is the glove thrown down to the professors of every pretension in turn. No wonder they snarl, these professors, from Theodore Pontifex over the little matter of the unbaptised infants, to Darwin in the business of Luck or Cunning. But, having once been "in opposition," Butler could not retire: it was not in him to do so. And so his last years are spent in harrying the sedate farmyard of the classical scholars over the authorship of the *Odyssey*, or in raiding the pen in which the academic critics are confined and bullying them to decide at what age Shakespeare wrote Sonnet 23, in order that we may be sure what is the precise design in passion that he traced therein, whether it be homo-sexual or otherwise. Butler, and the select company of Butlerites, enjoyed this campaign, but the victims of it most decidedly did not. For your average sensual man, while he is in the flesh, is not interested in his bones; in the same way, the average thinker, theologian, scientist, or critic, seldom bothers about design, either in God's works, or in man's. What he likes to do is to enjoy the flesh, the thing made, without making too many indecent enquiries. He feels, in fact, that to ask him to sit in his bones and to see nothing but bones all round him, as Butler does, is a horribly uncomfortable invitation, as well as an insulting one. It is hard to decide whether this chilly business is more displeasing to the theologian or to the scientist. Both thundered at Butler; the pious at the *Fair Haven*—when at last they understood what it was about; and the worshippers of the great god, Darwin, at *Life and Habit*, and its theory of memory as the thread of heredity and evolution. Ultimately, however, it was the scientists who paid Butler the compliment of swallowing his theory and doing it as silently and effectively as the amœba when it closes its flesh round the nutrient it desires to absorb. The theologians have not, as yet, followed this example, at least over the Resurrection, though they are feeling the foundations shaking in the business of the Virgin Birth. Unfortunately Butler left nothing for them to swallow in that matter.

The importance of this one-pointed instinct of Butler's consists in the fact that it appeared on the stage of thought at the moment when the restlessness of men's hearts was

driving them towards the solution which he could give them. His exact, forcible brain serves as the spear-point of a conflict precisely because the idea that men hungered for vaguely, he demanded insistently.

Thinking men were growing dissatisfied with an unintelligible universe, for what they needed was one in which they could see some reflection, however dim, of their own nature; some reflection in which, though but as in a glass darkly, they could perceive order evolving out of chaos, an order comprehensible to the human reason and one not entirely hateful to the human heart. When, therefore, Darwin gave them a mechanism which was worked by loading the dice on the side of the strong, they accepted the theory because, after all, it brought order, however much its principles might outrage the heart. To the modern man of thought any order is better than none. Hence they were ready to burn incense before the law, because it was law. And so a great shout of joy arose when Tennyson sang of a perfect world to the tune of "æons hence," though, to be sure, it was a world in whose coming man could take no part but that of obedience—an obedience quite as blind and senseless as any that had ever been paid to Church or King, to priest or medicine man. Against this satisfaction, this armour of reason, Butler brought to bear the only weapon he had, his belief in the salutary process of verifying one's references. He had always believed in "a something as yet but darkly known which makes right right and wrong wrong"; he also believed that what light one has one must follow without regard to any conventions, social, scientific or religious. He sat down, then, to consider how we learn to do anything—to play an instrument, to write, to speak. He found that it is only when we do a thing unconsciously, when we have the habit of doing it, that we can really do it. When we sit down and introspectively "look within" to see how we do it, we halt and lose all facility. By the unconscious memory of an act or a series of acts that has been repeated incessantly we have learnt all that we know; and through us life has also learnt all that it knows, from the amœba up to man, or, earlier still, from the primordial cell. This chain of memory is continuous, and connects the last parental cell with the first. Of "a conscious pur-

pose running through the whole" he disclaims all knowledge; the amœba did not foresee the man, "yet it is mainly through the foreseeing of the very little that organism can alone foresee at each point in its progress that the results we see have been brought about. Hence each step of the road having been purposeful, the whole journey has been purposeful, though the purpose has been growing and varying all the time."

In these simple words is contained what the human reason, as well as the human heart, had been craving for so long—that right of attorney whereby man himself may become, in Butler's word, "purposeful," and take a hand openly and frankly, in playing the game. For long enough reason has "looked before and after"; more and more every day it "pines for what is not"; but, being no lovesick girl, but a man, it longs to take the direction of life into its own hands, to trust to its own "cunning," and not to the "luck" for fortuitous circumstances.

Religiously speaking, when Butler reached this conception of "purpose," he crossed the Great Divide. For what had really agitated the minds of the nineteenth century was not whether there is a God, but whether the God that is must be conceived as working within the creation, or without it. And the insane folly of the Church lay in the fact that it could not even see where the crux of the question was. The anthropomorphic God Without was gone, He who having made men was so angry with what he had made that he had to be appeased with a scapegoat. He was never more than a child's image. When he was gone, vanished like a mist before the sun, man could not bear an empty heaven and so hugged contentedly for a time that bogey supplied by the first Darwinites, "the survival of the fittest" through the arbitrament of lucky chance. Beside this hypothesis Butler's thread of purpose is indeed divine, whether it is regarded as a history of the past or a prophecy of the future. This thin, unbreakable thread of memory, that awakes to consciousness whenever it encounters in the present a set of circumstances which are a repetition of what it has encountered in the past, works alike when the child sucks, when the chick shapes a beak, the musician repeats a movement and the thinker reacts strongly to some stimulus of idea that was feebly given

in germ perhaps ages ago. Every new need awakes fresh effort to satisfy it. There is, in one sense, neither death nor life, only continuous change from one state of being to another. And the personality of the most complex creature ever evolved is but a slight enrichment of the stupendous Personality that is coming into being down through the ages.

Butler had a saying that "an honest God's the noblest work of man." He here presents us then with his idea of such a being. It is perhaps the God of humanity's youth, as the God who wanted "atonement" is the God of childhood. And before the God of our maturity Butler's may be a "poor thing." Yet it will evidently serve for this particular stage of the evolution of the race, for one cannot ask more of any conception of the Unknowable but that it should satisfy a felt need.

It is curious to observe, in Butler's own life, how his career was built up consistently on this idea of a purposefulness that works "little by little" and sees only a hand's-breadth in front of it. It was a Russian lady who, after listening to his confidences, remarked to him, "Et maintenant, Monsieur, vous allez créer." It was at first a puzzle to him, that saying, for he did not yet realise that "doing is the sole parent of doing, and creating a little the only way of learning to create more." Yet it is, according to him, in just this way that the Life Force has travelled from the amœba to man. Truly a tremendous principle, this same "little by little." Butler when he was young felt that the question of whether Christ was the Son of God would lead him into "paths which human intelligence cannot tread"; yet before the end he is found planning the scheme by which is shown, not Christ's sonship alone, but the sonship of every creature, small and great. You can manage, too, to put the argument for the theory in sixty words, according to the famous recipe for testing whether you have a good plot or not. And surely Butler's plot is the biggest one in the world, since it successfully tackles the Days of Creation. It is also solid, solid enough to satisfy that boy who was much disgusted when he found that a woman's petticoats were not all solid woman, through and through. Butler was one of those who would not trust himself to dive into the depths or to

float on to the cloudy heights without his guiding thread of purpose.

But is it really true that this theory of the unity of consciousness through the thread of inherited memory covers everything that appears in the history of man? Butler's theory, of course, includes two suppositions, first, that need calls forth the power to supply what is required, first in simple needs and then in more complex ones; and, second, that when memory awakes at the suggestion of events like those through which it has passed many times, the creature knows what to do in an instant. The reaction is as sudden as that of anger to a blow. This explains, of course, the slowness of all change; it shows, too, that if we rely on instinct alone, and deny reason, we must move for ever in a circle, and not even in a spiral upward course.

But this is not the end of the difficulty involved in this theory, since the very thread on which all this is carried is, according to Butler, spun simply of the turning wheel of fleshly incarnation. The parent-cells carry all this freight of meaning. But, if this is true, on what thread of memory did Goethe spin his vision of the many planes of consciousness that meet, according to him, in man? Or, to put it another way, when and how was the first thread spun of that consciousness which leaps to such rich and confusing life in *Faust*? Or what memory of sinister life did Leonardo touch when he painted that smile of his sinister women? Or what first stirring of the will in bygone creatures did Dostoevsky recall when, in the phrase of Mr. Middleton Murry, he brought his timeless figures down to this world of time? For time is the very essence of Butler's conception, and this thread of memory cannot be spun on any wheel but that of the ages.

We have seen how Butler solved the question of the existence of the men whom he called the Seven Humbugs of the World: he cut them out, preferring to follow simply the adventures of Adam and Eve in the garden of this world. It was, he felt, "disorderly" to meddle with anything outside that garden.

Yet even Butler did not really leave the matter there, where he seems to leave it. In a curious passage on what he entitles "The Super-Organic Kingdom," he says:—"As the solid inorganic kingdom supervened upon the

gaseous—and as the organic supervened upon the inorganic—so a third kingdom is now in process of development, the super-organic, of which we see the germs in the less practical and more emotional side of our nature.

"Man, for example, is the only creature that interests himself in his own past, or forecasts the future to any considerable extent. This tendency I would see as the monad of the new *régime*—a *régime* that will be no more governed by the ideas and habits now prevailing among ourselves than we are by those still prevailing among stones and water."

Here, then, is that third kingdom which Ibsen also foresaw, though in him it assumed the guise of a final reconciliation of individualism and collectivism; when the man is at last one with the whole. It is apparently foreseen by Paul in his phrase "face to face"; it is apparently a new consciousness, even a new state of matter.

Here, then, we are forced to the question, even by Butler himself: is it not probable that those whom Butler stoned, those Great Masters of the terrible visions, had already lived, momentarily at least, in this Third Kingdom, and had caught glimpses once or twice of the timeless world? Perhaps, indeed, if we may still hold to Butler's thread of memory, these are they who had tapped the storehouse, not of the memory of the cell's experiences, but of what was buried in the heart of the Divine Darkness before ever the primordial cell came into being; what may, in fact, have been hidden in the unevolved memory of the primordial cell itself. It is not more difficult to conceive this than it is to believe, as Butler did, that "every molecule of matter is full of will and conscious."

Shakespeare and Homer are Butler's poets because both these men saw human beings in imagination as Butler himself would like to have seen them in the flesh, walking the earth; that is, with swinging muscles, with zestful and untroubled brains, and with a fine, strong amorous nobility that recks nothing of the mean social virtues; men and women not suffering from that disease of thought which makes us all so ugly. Hamlet alone is a "throw-forward" into the bad new times, but what Butler made of him it is hard to say.

Homer's men and Shakespeare's! If there had been

no other record than theirs of that two-legged animal, man, what a splendid figure the race would have cut in the celestial records! But Butler, having been born during one of the periods when the Life Force was in particularly heavy travail, was driven, willy nilly, into the lying-in room, and Homer and Shakespeare were therefore but holiday companions.

Meanwhile he struggled with the hosts of Darwin, grew to regard an open window with suspicion, and loved neither pard nor panther, but a cat. He had three women in his life: Madame, the *demi-mondaine* whom he visited for twenty years, and whom after the lapse of fifteen he found sufficiently discreet to—invite to tea at his rooms; the beautiful Isabella of Arona, and, finally, Miss Savage, with the barbed wit of a clever woman of the world and a steady determination, where *The Way of All Flesh* was concerned—that he should write it. Did she not also say, "Blessed are they that mourn, for crape bonnets are the cheapest," and do we not love her for that, as well as for much other verbal finery? She paints priceless pictures of Butler, once showing him in Berners Street, eating cherries out of a basket and silently offering them to her as she passed, but then—she also worked kettle-holders for him and tried to surround him with the whole atmosphere of feminine fuss. This brave woman, with her plain face and diseased body, who chattered to Butler when she had tooth-ache, but went away silently to die of cancer, was pitched in one way too high and in the other too low for him. She took no real interest in the work of his brain when that dealt with the creative force, but she yet kept his nose to the grindstone of novel-writing, because she was a good critic, though not much of a thinker. Anyway, Butler got from her exactly what Mahomet got from his old wife; that is, belief. And Mahomet paid the price for his article, but Samuel did not. Miss Savage's elaborate pleasantries were boring enough when they came from another street; he would have died of them in the same house.

But the three women, the body, soul, and spirit, of Butler's emotional life, are symbols of that house divided against itself which we call modern life. Man, Agonistes, is barren, being too old for the simple loveliness of

Isabella, the Italian innkeeper's daughter, too subtle to find in a "Madame" all that he wanted of a woman, and too much in love with beauty and health to find satisfaction in a city-made, city-spoilt woman. Butler was not turned into a satirist simply because he was tossed out of English society by his quarrel with the Church; the irony of his loneliness cut deeper still. He, a lover of life, but forced into the life of thought, was driven to employ a man-servant simply in order to get something young about the place; he kept a series of cats and was childless, except for the interest he took in "Alfred's" seven-month baby, about whose birth he jests with the zest of a Rabelaisian old maid. In that he wrote he was indeed damned; damned out of the joyful life of birth and generation.

The Way of All Flesh is an epic because the source of its inspiration is the life of the bygone centuries of English life. In *Tom Jones* is the rough and tumble of English country life; in Butler's masterpiece there is to be found the acrid tang given by the taste of the English soul. This effect is produced by the three characters, Christina, Theobald, and Mrs. Jupp; in the first there is incarnated that sentimental idealism which makes an Englishman the greatest preaching and converting animal that the world has ever known; in Theobald is the joy felt by your true-born Englishman when he has another creature in his grip, under his hand, not as a sheep before his shearer, but as a soft lump to be moulded; in Mrs. Jupp is our saving virtue, good humour, broad, jolly and earthy, that "gets along with people" and suffers everybody gladly—except the Theobalds and Christinas. Jupp, in fact, is the sole medicine we possess for driving out earnestness and tyranny: it is the healthy onion in the English salad bowl.

Irony has been called "justice in a mocking humour," but this is not Butler's brand of the thing by any means. Justice is a very active creature which carries a sword and stands about in market-places, because she would like to do us good. To all that Butler opposes his great saying—"surtout point de zèle." I have, says he, no desire to make anybody better; I leave that to Theobald and Christina, who spent their lives in this thoroughly English pursuit.

I just show you what a figure people cut when they go in for this kind of thing. It was "zèle" that led to Christina's exquisite maunderings, and a fiercer spirit of the same kind that made Theobald fasten his fangs in the soft flesh of his son.

The characterisation of *The Way of All Flesh* is wrought with hammer-strokes, but it is not the solidity of Theobald, Christina, and Mrs. Jupp that accounts for the overwhelming impression they produce. They are more than what they seem, and just as Giorgione's "Concert" gives us, not merely three faces, but the moving ripples of sound, the waves of living joy, that move across the air in that picture, so Theobald, Christina, and Jupp stand amid a whirling flood of laughter. These three are immortal, because they breathe an air that is burnt clean of earthy dross; that is, the quintessence of mockery. Christina is not merely a woman who, like millions of other Englishwomen, gives "sofa-talks" on piety to her son, she is created of every foolish woman's best. Theobald, waving that last will and testament of his, is the coming to earth of the age-long struggle between the old man and his male offspring in the tree, the cave, and the villa. A deal of ink has been spilt in writing about life seen *sub specie æternitatis*, but here is the eternal laughter at the human plight. The bemused, but kindly Englishman, who is convinced that God has given him the key to a better world than any conceived by his neighbours, can here see himself in a glass, but not darkly. It would be instructive if we could only be told how many copies of *The Way of All Flesh* have been burnt, not by the hands of the common hangman, but by the hands of the common father and mother. For by spontaneous generation parentage is commonly supposed to breed haloes. And this book is just a tremendous plucking of haloes. For the last enemy to be overthrown is sanctimoniousness and, just because Butler was filled to the brim with reverence for the greatness of the fate to which we are called, he was able to send the echoes flying in laughter at the "genteel paroxysms of admiration" which attacked Mr. George Pontifex in the Uffizi Gallery, and at the spectacle which he recorded in his own picture, called "Family Prayers," where a set of graven images sit, all silent and obviously

all damned, while God's representative on earth, the vicar, reads from a big book.

Butler called down the comic spirit to brood over his ancestral rectory, but, as if to make amends to the manes of his offended ancestors, he devoted painstaking months to a life of his grandfather, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury School. This he did, apparently, largely because he liked the old man—and saw himself in him. This Life of Dr. Butler was a sop to Nemesis, like that habit Ernest had, in *The Way of All Flesh*, of taking the sacrament once a year. For "surtout point de zèle" is the last word in in *The Way*, as it is in Butler's view of creation. For the Vast Being, of whom we each form an infinitesimal part, has always known what the next step is to be. We, the cells, need not therefore greatly perturb ourselves, nor force anything on others, lest we be cast away and become a Theobald, a Christina. Let us then take our sacrament, with Ernest, once a year, remembering that Thirteenth Chapter of the First Corinthians, and the fate of prophecies, tongues, and knowledge. These things may be safely held in derision, for they surely fade away. But as far as we can see the great Design, there is but one thing that is immortal in it; it is the thing that was realised even by "unlovely Paul": it is grace.

The Unbeliever

By Rolf Bennett

With his hands tied tightly behind his back and his ankles secured by thongs that passed beneath the belly of the mule he bestrode, El Hashmir, son of Abd el Malik, the Kaid, rode slowly through the streets of Tafilalt. An excited and angry mob of men, women and children surged about him and, but for his guards, would have dragged him from the animal's back and torn him limb from limb.

"Death to the traitor, the unbeliever, the accursed of Allah!" yelled the mob, and women held their children up that they might see the apostate and take warning thereby.

"Look thou, child, there goeth a son of Satan the Stoned!"

"Behold the mocker of the Prophet!"

"We scorn thee, we spit upon thee, thou Judas, thou!" roared the crowd. "Accursed be thou and the *Nazrani*, thy friends!"

"*Balat! Balat!*—make way!" cried the guards, and beat the people back with the butts of their lances.

Some of the more zealous among the Faithful picked up stones and cast them at the prisoner, who, with bowed head and face concealed beneath the hood of his *jelab*, looked neither to the right nor to the left. Outside the house of Abd el Malik, the Kaid, the crowd massed that it might not miss its last chance of hurling abuse at the accursed of Allah.

"Open the gate, Abd el Malik, open the gate for thy son!" cried a voice above the rest. "There is but one more gate for him, the gate of the damned!"

The heavy, nail-studded door swung open and the guards beat a passage through the howling mob.

"Blessed be the Prophet and accursed be thou, O dog of dogs!" yelled the people as the prisoner with his escort passed into the courtyard.

Slaves, who had been waiting in readiness, slammed the

door back in the faces of those who would have followed, and the sound of angry voices came like muffled thunder to those within. The guards dismounted, unfastened the thongs which bound their prisoner, and assisted him to alight. Then, with no word spoken, they led him across the sand of the courtyard, up some steps and into a large room furnished with rich draperies and costly rugs. There, upon a pile of cushions, sat an old man wearing upon his shoulders the blue *selhàm* or cloak given by the Sultan to those who have acquired honour in his service. One of the guards approached him and, as is the custom of the Moors, bent low and kissed the tip of the old man's shoe.

"We have brought thy son, O Kaid," he said, and then moved slowly back to his companions.

The Kaid sat motionless with his eyes fixed upon the bowed and silent figure before him. The handsome old face betrayed no emotion, there was not so much as the flicker of an eyelash as he gazed at the prisoner—this prisoner who was his eldest and best-beloved son. At last he spoke, and his voice, though passionless, cut like a knife.

"Thus, then, hast thou returned to the house of thy fathers, El Hashmir?"

The other, his eyes still fixed upon the ground, neither looked up nor spoke.

"Thou art rich, maybe," went on the Kaid contemptuously. "Doubtless the *Nazrani* paid thee well for turning Christian and denying the faith of thy fathers and of thy race?"

No sound came from the bowed figure, and suddenly the old man, dropping his tone of quiet contempt, blazed into terrible anger.

"It is well that thou keepest silence and dost not lie, thou dog! The tale of thy infamy hath travelled wide, and is the talk of every *fandak* and tea-house in the land. 'Verily,' say the gossips, 'El Hashmir, son of Abd el Malik, the Kaid, hath sold his soul and the honour of his house for love of a *Nazarin* woman.' Is that not the truth, I ask thee?"

"It is not the truth, O my father," answered the young man.

"Call me not thy father, thou despised of dogs!"

thundered the Kaid. "Allah forgive me that I cannot find words enough to curse thee; would that I had been stricken with death or with palsy ere I brought into the world such a Judas as thou!"

The old man paused, his eyes blazing and the sweat from his brow running down into his long white beard.

"Hast thou aught to say?" he demanded presently.

"Nothing, O Kaid, save that I believe the faith of the *Nazrani* to be the true faith."

"Thou darest blaspheme to my face, thou pitiful liar!" cried the Kaid. "Truly the *Nazrani* have bewitched thee, or the evil eye of the *Nazarin* woman turned thy brain. O thou fool, they have bribed thee with the shameless, unveiled face of a woman; for her and not for her faith hast thou consigned thyself to the pit of the damned."

"That is not the truth, O Kaid!" exclaimed El Hashmir with fervour. "Not for a woman have I cast from me the shackles of Islam and turned from the teachings of the false prophet. Not for a woman have I become the despised and scorned of men, but because my eyes have been opened to the only way of salvation."

The Kaid controlled himself with a mighty effort and presently a cold, cynical smile appeared upon his face.

"Nay, then," he said quietly, "though I be thy father whom thou hast dishonoured, an infidel in thine eyes, yet will I deal justly with thee. Half buried in the sand of the courtyard, as thou knowest, is a great jar; it shall be filled with water, and if thou, aided by the faith of the *Nazrani*, canst empty it before the hour of evening prayer, thou shalt go free. Thus shall we see whether the worship of the *Nazrani* is acceptable to Allah, for, if it be so, surely He will help thee. But if He gives no help and the jar is not emptied within the appointed time, then will thy life be forfeit."

He signed to the guards, who led the prisoner into a small apartment adjoining. When they had gone the old man drew the folds of his *selham* before his face so that none who entered might behold his grief. Yet presently, when he summoned his oldest and most trusted slave to receive instructions concerning the filling of the jar, not a sign of grief was visible upon the grave and dignified features of Abd el Malik, the Kaid.

Some time later the guards led the apostate into the courtyard and there left him. In the centre, half buried in the sand, was one of those huge jars, twice the height of a man, which are sold by the potters in the market-place of Marakeesh. It had been filled with water to the brim, and near it, as if in derision, a small cup had been placed.

Standing on tip-toe, El Hashmir was able to see the water. He looked from it to the tiny cup, and his heart sank within him. As well try to soak up the ocean with a sponge as empty this great jar with a cup unless, as the *Nazrani* declared, miracles could be wrought by faith.

Had he that faith? El Hashmir again looked from the cup to the jar, and knew that he had not. Where, then, was his faith; his belief in the creed of the *Nazrani*? They had said, "Believe, and all things are possible." Yet in this, his hour of need, he knew he did not believe that by any miracle could the jar be emptied within the appointed time.

With this realisation the scales of self-deception fell from the young man's eyes. His father had been right after all; it was not by the gospel of the *Nazrani* he had been converted, but by the blue eyes, the sweet face, and the soft voice of the *Nazarin* woman, the mission *tabibah*. For love of her, not for love of her religion, had he denied his faith, damned his soul, and brought infamy upon his father's house.

And at this point, the thing which the subtle old Kaid had hoped for came to pass. Sitting on the sand with the futile cup in his hand and the jar towering above him the young man found that the creed of Islam came more readily to his lips than the creed of the Christians; that, in truth, he was a Mohammedan and had never really ceased to be one.

The muffled roar of the mob still surging about the Kaid's house in expectation of the apostate's death recalled El Hashmir to a realisation of his position. For an instant panic fear showed in his eyes, then he reminded himself that Allah was merciful and would forgive. In the history of Islam were many miracles; in the name of Allah and of Mohammed, His true prophet, he would ask that the jar be emptied before the hour of evening prayer.

Feverishly he began to recite the Moslem profession of faith:

Ashahadu, la ilaha il Allah——

But here El Hashmir made a discovery which the old Kaid had not foreseen. He found that he was a Moslem only because the faith of Mohammed was bound to him by the thongs of custom. It must be so, since even with the names of Allah and His one true prophet on his lips he knew no hope that the jar would be emptied.

While the hours passed he sat pondering thus, ashen-faced and baffled, until at last the shadows lengthened on the tower of a neighbouring mosque and he saw the figure of the *Meuhdhdin* awaiting the moment to call the Faithful to evening prayer. With his eyes upon the figure on the mosque tower, El Hashmir drew a curved dagger from his belt and, even as the figure moved towards the parapet to utter the summons, drove the blade deep into his heart.

Allah ukbar, cried the *Meuhdhdin*, and from mosque to mosque throughout the city the chant was repeated.

As the prayer ended, Abd el Malik entered the court-yard and gazed down upon the body of his first-born and best-beloved son.

"Allah is just," he said solemnly.

An attendant slave, peering into the jar, cried out: "O master, a miracle hath been wrought, for the jar is empty!"

Impatiently the Kaid motioned him to leave the courtyard; then, shrouding his face from those within the house, gazed tenderly upon his dead son.

"O thou of little faith! Couldst thou not guess the crack within the jar?" he mourned with bitter-soft reproach.

The Calling of the Sea

By Frank H. Bodle

From sunrise unto sunset,
From star to sun again;
From gale to calm and calm to gale
The Calling cometh plain!—
"I nursed your sires before you,
A thousand years agone;
I knew your snow-peaked Norseland
What time your Race was born.

"I flung your keels to South'ard,
I helmed your prows to North;
From bay to Outmost Ocean
I tossed them back and forth.
For yours, by right of conquest,
And mine, by right of birth,
I call you—as your fathers,
To rim the Outer Earth.

"On lone uncharted islands
I flung their bones to bleach,
And strewed the sun-warped timbers
On some forgotten beach.
('Tis well for those that serve me
If that their hearts be free,
For I will brook no rival
To share their love with me.)

"Loose out—loose out from harbour
To feel my quickening breath,
Loose out, as did your fathers,
To look, and laugh, at Death.
Ho! Come away from shoal and bay
To greet my calling breeze,
Ye servants of the Ocean,
Ye Masters of the Seas."

THE CALLING OF THE SEA

Loose out—loose out to Seaward,
The darkening Night shuts down
Astern—like myriad glow-worms—
The lights of Auckland town.
A thousand leagues from port to port,
From light to harbour light,
The sea smells fill our nostrils,
The land drops out o' sight.

Drive on—drive on to Eastward,
Where tempests shroud the Horn,
Where sleet and snow, on wave and floe,
Tell that new day is born.
Green overside the valleys
(Ah! see the windless sail)
Now climb the snow-capped mountains,
To meet the questing gale.

Then down once more to darkness,
Through stinging, blinding spray,
From mountain-top to valley,
From darkness back to day.
A cry of prayer—or triumph?
Lipped off, and flung behind:
A splash!—and all is hidden
By Voice of Wave and Wind.

'Tis well for those who serve Her
(Our kindly, gentle Sea!)
If that their heart be single
Nor stirs Her jealousy.
For one the weeping mother,
For one the sweetheart's tears,
For one the orphaned children
To face the unkind years.

From sunrise unto sunset
Wherever seamen be
There comes the voice of anguish
To curse the hungry Sea.
But still she gives them greeting,
Soft-whispered, tenderly:
And none who hear may tarry
The Calling of the Sea.

Each unto each, to every man his own,
To one the love of woman—one a Throne.
Not thus to us who know no sweeter sound
Than music at the forefoot of a stout ship
Outward-bound.

Waiuku,
New Zealand.

In Autumn

By Mary Borland

I cannot think that some day all the gold
That glows and burns upon these boughs will be
But dust; the shining glory of each tree
Wither and fall and pass into the mould.
And that this body, when I have grown old,
Which burns this day with vivid life and free,
This striving brain, this indissoluble "me"
Will lie impassive, limp, and dead, and cold.
Courage! next year again a cloak as bright
Will clothe the maple! Thou thyself wilt wear
In other ages hidden from thy sight
Another form, as much thine own, as fair.
Change changeth not; changed truth doth truth remain.
Its garment changed, the truth is true again.

On the Art of Reading

By Mrs. Harold Sandwith
(Odette St. Lys)

"TURN any young girl loose in a library," says Ruskin somewhere, "and you will find her instinctively choosing the best books."

I am afraid if this arch-optimist and idealist were to come to life again he would not express himself with the same confidence.

We live in an age of theories. For centuries past this old world of ours has been content to build up its future on the experience of the past. A new spirit has swept over the twentieth century, and, like the wind sweeping over the loose and sandy surface of the rocky ground, it has swept off its feet the present generation in a wild and inconsistent search for new ideals, for short cuts to attain those ideals, while the stars of old move in their spheres and deviate not from their courses.

Side by side with the study of spiritualism, telepathy, with searchings into the occult—mere surface excrescences, growths of the spirit, whose roots do not strike deep—side by side with this artificial spirituality of cheap souls, there is spreading a film of materialism that is falling as a withering blight upon the tender shoots of the coming harvest, upon the rising generation.

Never, in the opinion of the superficially minded, has there been such stir, such activity, such searching for truth as in the present age. Never, but in theory only. Never has there been such uprooting of accepted maxims, of established ideas and laws and conventions. The very Churches no longer are mindful of the profound wisdom: "Let both grow together until the harvest," and many a priceless seedling has been uprooted in place of a weed.

Nowhere has this been more apparent than in the field of education. In the mad rush for advancement, for immediate results, educationalists have vied with each other in evolving new and strange theories for the training

of the young. Wherever some unexpected success is observed, there your theorists fly off at a tangent, copying methods, applying external remedies to internal defects, watching anxiously for results, after the manner of the child who daily pulls up the cherished plant in his garden to assure himself of its growth.

While all around us the eternal laws of nature rule unchanging and unchanged, man, the mighty atom, has been endeavouring to fashion new laws, to adapt the spirit of the rising generation to his passing theories. Nothing is more characteristic of this than the handing over of the young from the hands of the parental influence to that of the State. *Theory versus experience.*

It is but natural that this change should be most marked in the New World, which of necessity lends itself more readily to experimentation, where no traditions have to be uprooted, no prejudices to be combated, but where the President of the great Commonwealth has nevertheless lately sounded a warning note which is not without significance.

"*Good-bye to the Classics. Teachers' Council turns from Chaucer to the 'Best Sellers.'*" That is how the *New York Times* a few years ago announced the decision of the National Council of Teachers of English at Chicago that the curriculum should in future consist of "equal parts of Alexandre Dumas, Jack London, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, with selections from De Maupassant for older pupils, and plenty of Kipling for all."

Where, in a library stocked with mental food of this quality, may we ask, should the mind turn to find the "best"? What sort of mental skyscraper could be erected upon such literary foundation? What conception of life, of its duties and its aims, its joy and suffering, could be obtained by the perusal of these authors? What citizens, think you, will thus be reared, what fathers and mothers for the generations to come?

But it is not only in schools and colleges that the change is noticeable as regards the literature considered suitable for the young. Parents who exercise the utmost care in the choice of food for their children, who superintend their daily meals, who at the slightest sign of indisposition call

in a physician, these same parents would be much surprised if they were called to account for their neglect of their children's mental food.

True, many of them will see that no objectionable "improper" books fall into the hands of their children, but their ideas as to what is improper are, to say the least, strange and contradictory. Few of them are aware that the most pernicious type of book is very frequently not the so-called "improper" book, which may deal with the dark side of life and of human nature, but that it is the *mediocre* literature of the day, the indifferent, sentimental novel, such as is being turned out in thousands year by year, which constitutes the real danger, which vitiates the taste, dulls the intellect, lowers the ideal of life, and teaches us to seek and enjoy the company of the mediocre minds of those who are content to go through the daily routine of life without any idea of its possibilities and of its deeper meaning.

What books, then, may we ask, should form the mental diet of our children? For it is of these that we necessarily must think, since it is impossible almost to undo the harm a wrong training may have caused to the present generation. What books should a young girl of 15 *have* read; what books should she be *given* to read? This question suggested itself to the writer after having, on a sea voyage, been thrown into the company of a young English girl of 17, who had spent the last eight years of her life at a well-known ladies' college in England, who had studied French and German and Latin and mathematics, whose parents, living in the Colonies, had made the sacrifice of this prolonged separation in order to give their child the chance of a thorough education. As far as school knowledge goes, the education *had* been thorough. But what was my amazement to find that as regards the well-known English, French and German classics her mind was practically a blank. She had "done" several Shakespeare plays, as well as some Chaucer and the *Faërie Queen*, with all their innumerable "notes" and "comments." She knew the meaning of many an obsolete word and phrase, but she had never thought of Hamlet and Ophelia, of Romeo and Juliet, of King Lear and his daughters as anything but Shakespeare's characters, to be studied and analysed, and

to form the literary stock of her mind. Literature to her was a subject, like geography and mathematics. That it is life itself, reflected through the minds of the geniuses of this world, of this she had no conception.

And was she so singular in this, after all?

That the characters created by the great dramatists and novelists of all ages are, or should be, our most constant companions, those with whom we exchange thoughts and feelings, from whom we take, more or less, our views and ideals of life, and that the choosing of second-rate and unworthy literature is nothing less than descending to the company of our inferiors—how many of us give this a serious thought?

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Oh! that the spell might never break! That we might preserve our children from the realities of this world, like the chrysalis in the cocoon, until the moth is ready to spread its wings, until we can weave for them the silken threads of romance into the solid fabric of reality!

But, alas! the day comes all too soon when we must close for them the fairy book of romance and help them to trace their first clumsy letters in the book of life. The awakening must come. Let us be careful, then, when it does come that we destroy not the magic web which from the invisible fairyland spreads over this workaday world.

Let us beware lest we break too rudely these enchanted threads, and yet let us take care also that whilst we are, like Dædalus and Icarus, soaring into dreamland with our children, the wings of romance be securely fashioned and riveted with sound principle and strong sentiment, lest, in the bright sunlight of reality, artificial idealism and weak sentimentality melt away like wax, and, losing our wings, we fall and be engulfed in the shallow waters of another Hellespont.

For the Land of Romance lies not amongst the fairies only, it lies all about us in the tales and legends of history, in the chapters of chivalry and of romance, in the lays of antiquity, in the dramas of the present day.

And just as the early days of this world's history are lost in the mist of legend and of the lays of poets, and out of the mist they beckon to us, the heroes of old, the shadows of the great departed, so must legend and fact, fiction and

truth, blending harmoniously with one another, form the foundation of the young mind, upon which we erect the storehouse of knowledge.

When the fairy books have been put away upon the nursery shelf, when Grimm and Andersen and the *Arabian Nights* have had their day, what should more fitly take their place than the ancient histories of the world? The stories of Zoroaster and of Gautama, of Egyptian dynasties, of Assyrian and Persian kings, leading up to the history of Troy, of Greece and Rome. History spreading out before the childish mind the map of the world, the chessboard of antiquity, upon which we move the chessmen from space to space in rotation, teaching unconsciously history and geography and literature all in one, ah, and art too, wandering amongst the Buddhist temples, the pyramids of the Pharaohs, the palaces and temples of ancient Greece and Rome.

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How early you begin must depend upon the individual child. But when the fairy tales are laid aside and school life has begun, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, suitable extracts from Herodotus, Julius Cæsar, Pliny, and Josephus should naturally follow, side by side with the study of history, leading the young mind through the Middle Ages—with *Tales from Chaucer*, the *Faërie Queen*, Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare*, and such plays of Shakespeare's as *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard II.*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*—to the romances of Walter Scott.

Who amongst us does not remember delightful evenings in the family circle, when *Quentin Durward*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian* made history a reality—turned it from the dry-as-dust study of dates and facts of the schoolroom into a world of living men and women, of heroes and heroines who became our companions for life?

With Walter Scott, with Don Quixote, with the historical romances of the German Gustav Freitag—so little known, yet so delightful—we may fitly close the list of what a young girl of 15 should have read.

What! some will exclaim, would you exclude all modern authors? The current literature for the young, the

thousand and one novels written purposely for the boarding school pupil?

We would.

If the object of reading be to form the taste, to lay a sure foundation upon which to build, not only one's literary knowledge, but one's conception of life—and in the opinion of the serious-minded this must be so—then provide only the best, eliminate everything second-rate or inferior, even at the price of ignorance—for "ignorance is bliss" indeed, wherever the second-rate is concerned, in life as well as in literature.

A mind nurtured upon the standard works of literature of all countries and all ages, a mind accustomed to live in the company of those characters in history and literature which aimed at all that is highest and best—a mind imbued with the belief (fostered by such literature) that it is possible on this earth to realise our ideals—will not easily, either in its intellectual or real life, seek and enjoy the company of inferiors.

Thus by the mere choice of the best literature a two-fold object will be accomplished.

* * * * * *

But if it be essential to know what to read, it is equally important to know *how* to read.

The pressure of realism upon modern life is so great, pessimism and rationalism have so invaded the atmosphere of the present generation—the nursery-ground of the young, that it is no longer the rule, but the exception for the child to turn, as Ruskin says, "to the best" when left to its choice. Leave a boy or girl of 12 in a library full of the romances of Walter Scott and with a table littered with the detective stories or cheap fiction of the up-to-date magazine, and Ruskin would find himself disillusioned.

It would be unwise and unjust to expect the impossible, to expect of the young mind environed by the stress and strife of modern life, to seek refuge—like those for whom the evening of life has begun—in the serene atmosphere of bygone days. And to attempt to surround the young of the rising generation with an artificial atmosphere would be as fatal as launching the modern soldier into battle equipped with mediæval armour.

Therefore we say Walter Scott—and this applies to all

classical literature, ancient and modern—requires to be read aloud to be appreciated, to be understood by the young mind, so as to avoid the skipping of those descriptions which are the tedium and yet the education of the young. Certain passages of fiction and of history—the death of the 300 in the Pass of Thermopylæ—the landing of William of Orange—Macaulay's description of London at the beginning of the seventeenth century—certain scenes in *Quentin Durward* and *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Midlothian*—who has not had these indelibly fixed in his mind by those quiet readings in his childhood days?

But—someone will object—this is an age for schools and colleges—not for the home. The day of the family circle is done, or all but done. If so—why so?

And here let us women strike our breasts. Let us open our eyes to look inwards as well as outwards—into our hearts and minds, and into the hearts and minds of our children. Perchance many of us may there find the answer and the solution.

And not the answer and the solution to this question only, but to the problem also of how to enlarge—and not enlarge only, but to deepen also—woman's influence.

If we, who are the guardians of the young, whose privilege it is to suffer "that a soul be born into the world," whose greater privilege it is to prepare that new-born soul for its life's work, if we have realised our responsibility, and found our life's work in the training of the young mind, there will be no need for the asking of this perplexing question: What books should a young girl of 15 read?

An intellect built up upon the foundation of all that is best in classical literature will continue to build upon this same foundation; a mind nurtured upon all that is elevating and inspiring will instinctively refuse the mediocre and inferior.

There will be no need to place a veto upon the second-rate fiction of the day, or to raise a warning voice against many of the works of our popular novelists, because a young girl, accustomed to the atmosphere of master minds, will not find (since she will not seek) in the works of these authors her conception of life and of human nature. She will, with the unerring taste of the intellectual gourmet,

consign to them their proper place for the idle hours spent in a railway journey, or in some physician's waiting-room.

The young girl who has not only read, but been taught *how* to read, and to discern, who has had placed before her day by day an ever higher ideal of life, of her duties and responsibilities as a woman, will not be led astray by cheap sentimentality, by false morality, by unreal realism —she will herself be able to pronounce the *Mene mene tekel upharsin* upon the prevailing literature of the day.

Only let us remember that at 15—standing upon the threshold of life—let us remember that it is sunshine that tempts us out into the open. Let there be plenty of sunshine—a sunny outlook—in the literature we offer the young. Let us avoid the "problem" book, until life's problems have presented themselves, and helped us to understand and appreciate authors who make a speciality of this type of book, which has its legitimate use as well.

Shakespeare, we say again—and again Shakespeare—and Ben Jonson and Marlowe and Sheridan; Corneille, Racine, Molière, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Calderon and Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, and Grillparzer. Voltaire's tragedies and *Candide; Le mie Prigioni*, by Silvio Pellico; *Promessi sposi*, by Manzoni; *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, by Chateaubriand; *Causeries du Lundi*, by Sainte-Beuve; *Peregrine Pickle*, *The Diary of Humphrey Clinker*, *Roderick Random*, *The Journey to Lisbon*, and *Tom Jones*.

"What!" some will exclaim, "Smollett and Fielding for a young girl?"

"To the pure all things are pure." And here let us observe that in classical works of this kind the healthy moral outlook (if idealism be wanting), the vigorous portrayal of real living men and women, with their good and evil characteristics (not of anæmic modern heroes and heroines), will far outweigh any occasional coarseness which in all probability will be passed by unheeded by an innocent mind. The picture of vice and virtue receiving their just reward has never yet corrupted the innocent. But let us remember, "because thou art neither hot nor cold, because thou art lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The novels of Dickens and Thackeray, Jane Austen and the Brontës, George Eliot (though her works as late as possible), Bulwer Lytton, Beaconsfield, the romantic writings of the German Jean Paul Richter (a nineteenth century Sterne as it were), Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and *Père Goriot*, Loti's *Pêcheurs d'Islande*, *Mme. Chrysanthème*, and *Mon Frère Yves*, the dainty novels of Hedenstjerna, and last, not least, the master works of Gogol and of Ivan Turgeniev.

Not Tolstoy, with his morbid self-analysis and often false and exaggerated idealism; not Tolstoy, but Turgeniev—the Russian Thackeray—*The Diary of a Huntsman*, *Virgin Soil*, *A House of Gentlefolk*, *Smoke*, and *Spring Floods*.

Those who have lived in the company of master minds, those who have drunk deep at the source of knowledge of life and of human nature—what need will they have to be taught to know the true from the false?

And what strength and courage, what faith and hope, what solace and consolation will they find as they turn one by one the leaves of their own book of life!

Where is the woman who, remembering her own childhood days, so full of hopes and of promises, and looking back upon years of mixed joys and tears, seeing around her young hearts and minds full of possibilities, eager to be filled with all that is best and highest and noblest—where is the woman who would dare to stand up and affirm that woman's sphere is limited—that it requires enlarging—except within herself?

Mon but se perd dans les étoiles,

. . . . . .

Je suis l'éternel féminin.

Old Agnes

By Selma Lagerlöf

Translated by Grace Raine

An old woman went up the mountain path with short, quick steps. She was small and thin, her face white and wrinkled, but not hard nor furrowed. She wore a long cloak and hood, and had a prayer-book in her hand and a sprig of lavender in her handkerchief.

She lived in a hut far up in the mountains where the trees do not grow. It lay close to the edge of the broad glacier that sends its ice from the snow-covered mountain top down to the depth of the valley. There the old woman lived quite alone; all who belonged to her were dead.

It was Sunday and she had been to church, but she had come back sad instead of happy, because the priest had spoken about the dead and the lost ones, and this had upset her. She had suddenly thought of what she had heard in her childhood, that many lost souls languished in the eternal cold of the mountain, above her hut. She could remember many tales of the glacier wanderers, whose restless shadows were pursued by the icy cold mountain wind.

For once she felt a deep horror for the mountain, and imagined that her hut lay too far up. What if they who were invisible up there, should come down from the glacier, and she was all alone. At the word "alone" her thoughts took a still sadder turn. She was again in the middle of the sorrow that seemed to weigh her down for ever and ever. She thought how hard it was for her to be so far away from people.

"Old Agnes," she said to herself quite aloud, as she was accustomed to do there, in the desolate place, "you sit up in your hut and spin and spin, you toil and drudge all day long so that you shall not die of hunger, but is there anyone who will be glad if you live? Is there anyone, old Agnes? If you had had anyone belonging to you

still alive—yes, then perhaps. If you lived nearer down to the village you might have cheered someone. Poor as you are, you could have had a dog or a cat, and you could now and again have given shelter to a beggar. You ought not to live so far away, old Agnes. If you could only just once give a thirsty traveller a drink, so would you know you were of use to someone while you were yet alive."

She sighed, and said to herself that not even the peasant woman who gave her flax to spin would be sad at her death. She had certainly tried to do her work well and honestly. She began to weep bitterly when she thought that her master, who had given her her seat in church for so many years, would not care if she were there or not. "I am just as if I were dead," she said. "No one asks after me, I could just as well lie down and die. I am already frozen to death with the cold and loneliness. My very heart is frozen. That is how I am."

"Ah yes, ah yes," she went on, as her thoughts were now making real headway. "If there was only someone who needed me, so might there be at least a little warmth in old Agnes. This I say," she continued, raising her hands toward Heaven, "I must have something to do, else I will lay down and die."

At that moment a tall, earnest monk met her on the pathway; he walked along with her because she was sad, and she told him about her sorrow. She said that her heart was ready to freeze to death within her, and that she would become like one of the lost souls on the glacier if God would not give her something to live for.

"That God will do," said the monk.

"Do you not see that God is powerless up here," replied old Agnes. "Here is nothing but desolation and wilderness."

They came up higher and higher to the snow mountains. The moss spread itself smoothly over the stones. Mountain plants with rough leaves grew beside the path. The high mountains, with their crevices and abysses, ice and masses of snow, raised themselves before them, strong and threatening. Then the monk's eyes fell on Agnes's hut lying near the glacier.

"Ah," said he, "it is here that you live. Then you are not alone; here is companionship enough; only look."

The monk made a spy-glass with his fingers and held it up to the old woman's left eye and bade her look up at the mountain, but old Agnes only shut her eyes.

"If there is anything up there I will certainly not look at it," said the old woman. "God preserve us, God preserve us, things get worse and worse."

"Well, farewell," answered the monk, "it is not certain that you will be granted a second opportunity of seeing such a thing."

The old woman became curious; she opened her eyes and looked up towards the glacier. At first she could see nothing remarkable, but soon she observed that something was moving on the heights. What she had taken for vapour and fog and blue-white shadows on the ice, were numbers of lost souls who languished in the eternal cold.

Poor old Agnes stood and trembled like an aspen leaf. It was exactly as the priest had said, the dead wandered up there in unending sorrow and fear. Most of them were wrapped round in a long white something, but all had their faces and their feet uncovered.

You could not count them, there were so many. The longer she looked the more there were to be seen. Some walked proudly and straight, others came hesitatingly, whilst others danced across over the glacier, but she noticed that from the first to the last, their feet were cut until they bled on the sharp, rough edge of the ice.

It was just as it had been told her. She saw how they continually crept close to each other as if to warm themselves, but in an instant separated again, frightened by the deadly cold that came from their bodies. It seemed as though the cold on the mountain came from them, as if it were themselves who hindered the snow from melting, and made the fog so bitingly cold.

They did not all move, some stood still as if turned to stone; and they looked as though they had been there for many years because the ice and snow had settled upon them so that only their heads and shoulders could be seen.

The longer the little old woman gazed, the quieter she became. The horror was forgotten, and instead she felt a deep pity for all those suffering people. There was no end to their sorrow, no rest for the torn feet that hurried over the ice as sharp as cut steel. And how icy it was, how they

shivered, and how their teeth chattered with cold. Those who were turned to stone and those who could move, all were frozen in an aching, biting, unbearable cold.

There were many young men and girls. But there was no sign of youth in their frozen, blue faces. They looked as though they were playing, but all their pleasure was dead. Their teeth chattered in the cold. They were shrunken and wizened as old people, and it seemed as though their feet sought out the sharpest pieces of ice to walk upon. Those who made the most impression upon her were the ones who lay frozen into the hard glacier, and those who hung from the edge of the mountains like icicles.

Then the monk took his hand away, and old Agnes could only see the lonely, bare snowfield. Some heavy masses of ice lay here and there, but they did not cover any frozen ghosts. The blue lights on the glacier did not come from the frozen bodies. The wind blew some light snowflakes before it, not ghosts.

She was not sure whether she had seen aright, and asked the monk: "Is it permitted to do good to those lost souls?"

"When has God forbidden love to work good, or pity to comfort?" he replied.

So he went on, and old Agnes sat in her living-room and thought over it all. The whole afternoon she wondered how she could help the lost souls that wandered over the glacier. For the first time for a long while she had not had time to think about her loneliness.

The next morning as she went down to the village she smiled and was friendly. Old age was no longer a trouble to her. "The dead," she said to herself, "do not bother about red cheeks or light steps. They only wish for people to think about them with a little warmth, but this youth cannot understand. Oh no, oh no, but how could the dead be preserved from the deathly cold of death if the old one shut up her heart from them?"

When she came to the shop she bought a great bundle of candles, and from a farmer she bought a large load of fuel, but to pay for it she was obliged to give double as much of her spinning as was usual.

Towards evening, as she sat at home, she read a great

many prayers, and tried to be courageous and sing holy songs, but her courage sank lower and lower. However, she did what she had intended to do.

She moved her bed into the innermost room of the hut, and in the first one she made a great fire on the hearth and lit it. In the window she put two lights. The front door she left wide open. Then she went to bed.

She lay in the dark and listened. Yes, there was certainly a step, it seemed as though people came gliding down from the glacier. They came wearily and groaning, and moved gently round the hut as if they dared not enter. Close to the wall they stood and shivered.

Old Agnes could not bear it. She got out of bed and went into the outer room and shut the door. It was too much, flesh and blood could not stand it.

Outside the hut she heard a deep sigh and a dragging footstep as from tender, torn feet, that dragged themselves further and further away up the glacier. Now and then she heard a sob also, but soon again it was quite still.

Then old Agnes was beside herself with despair. "Thou art a cowardly old thing," said she. "The fire burns out and the costly lights also. Shall it all come to nothing through the fault of thy miserable cowardice?" And as she said this she got up again, crying with fear, with chattering teeth, and shaking all over, but into the room she went and opened the door.

Again she lay and waited. Now she was afraid that they would not return. She lay and was afraid that because she had frightened them away they would not return.

And as she remained there in the darkness she began to call as she called in her young days when she watched the flock. "My small white lambs, my lambs up in the mountains. Come, come. Come down from the crevices and abysses, my small white lambs. . . ."

It seemed as though a cold mountain wind came whistling into the room. She heard neither step nor sigh, only the wind that came driving along the wall of the hut and into the room. And it seemed as though someone unceasingly said, "Hush, hush, do not frighten her, do not frighten her, do not frighten her."

She had a feeling that the outer room was so full that

they were pressed against the walls so that they nearly broke down; another time it seemed as though they would lift the roof off to make space for themselves. But the whole time they whispered: "Hush, hush, do not frighten her, do not frighten her."

Then old Agnes felt happy and peaceful. She folded her hands and fell asleep.

In the morning one would have thought the whole thing had been a dream. The fire had burned out and the lights also, not even a drop of tallow was left in the candlesticks.

As long as old Agnes lived she went on with this. She spun and worked so that she could burn her fire each night, and she was happy because she knew that someone wanted her.

There came a Sunday when she was not in her place in church. A couple of peasants went up to her hut to see if anything was the matter. There she was already dead. They carried the corpse down to the village to bury it.

The next Sunday, when the burial took place before the Mass, there were only a few who followed the corpse, and there were no signs of sorrow on any face.

But suddenly, just as the coffin was being lowered into the earth, a tall, earnest monk came into the churchyard, who remained standing, looking up at the snow-covered mountain. Then they saw that the whole mountain glittered a transparent red as if it were full of joy, and in the middle were a long line of small yellow lights that resembled burning candles. And the number of flames were the same as that of the candles which the departed had burned for the lost souls.

Then the people said, "God be praised, she who has no one to grieve for her has found friends up there in the great solitude."

The Bacon Legend

A Reply to Lord Sydenham and Mr. Crouch Batchelor.

By C. M. Haines

In the August number of The English Review there appeared yet another attempt to assign the plays of Shakespeare to the hand of Francis Bacon. Most of the arguments are familiar to students of the subject, and have, no doubt, often been rebutted, but as they persist in reappearing it seems possible that there is room for another reply.

The subject falls into two heads, which, however, are very imperfectly distinguished by Baconians. It is necessary to prove (1) that Shakespeare did not write the plays, (2) that Bacon did. Both points are essential; for whatever mysterious facts were discovered about Bacon would be quite insufficient evidence by themselves for disputing Shakespeare's claim to the plays of which he was reputed author: and conversely, supposing it were proved that Shakespeare was not the author, this would by no means prove Bacon's authorship, for there are many contemporaries with equal or better claims.

The first contention seems to some Baconians so obvious as scarcely to require proof. Shakespeare's parentage, upbringing, and mode of life seem to exclude him from the domain of literary genius. (But it is worth remembering that this point of view, though apparently self-evident, did not occur to anyone for 250 years after his death.) Much confusion of thought prevails on this subject, and may be traced to the habit of applying modern ideas to Elizabethan conditions. Nowadays we draw no definite line between dramatists and other kinds of authors; indeed we cannot do so, for (partly as a result of Shakespeare's own success) nearly all writers try their hands sooner or later on the drama. In Shakespeare's time the division was far more distinct; and this was largely due to the economic organisation of the theatre. Plays were seldom, if ever, written by private persons as a

speculation, as now; the dramatist was a part of the staff of the theatre, and his business was to write as many plays as the theatre wanted. It would never have occurred to Henslowe or Burbage to close their theatres because they had no new play ready, as modern managers do; had such a contingency appeared probable, they would have immediately commissioned Dekker or Shakespeare, as the case might be, to prepare a new play; and the dramatist would certainly comply, because it was his function and livelihood to do so. Such a system is clearly the reason for the hurried and careless work so common in Shakespeare, as in the *Merry Wives*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus*, and for his habit, when lazy or pushed for time, of furbishing up a feeble old play instead of writing a new one—as he did with the *Taming of the Shrew* and (possibly) *Titus Andronicus*. His position, in fact, was not unlike that of a reporter on a daily paper. He was "on tap," and whenever the company wanted anything written, he wrote it. This hand-to-mouth existence is amusingly exemplified by the behaviour of Henslowe's dramatists, who used to send him an act at a time and ask for "something on account" in return. Now this kind of employment would perfectly suit a young man who comes to London to make his fortune by his pen, as Shakespeare did; but it is very hard to picture Bacon writing under such conditions. Moreover, these conditions explain why, at the beginning of Shakespeare's career, success on the stage did not confer literary distinction. No contemporary dreamed of naming Marlowe in the same breath as Spenser or Daniel; though Marlowe, besides being by far the most successful dramatist of his lifetime, has been placed by later critics in a high place among English poets. When Bodley, in 1602, opened the library that bears his name, he expressly excluded stage-plays. It must be understood that in 1590 playwriting for the public stage was not considered as a branch of literature. Shakespeare's own literary fame rested, during his lifetime, chiefly on his poems.

This, I think, explains why his contemporaries saw no contradiction between Shakespeare's genius and his circumstances. But it does not, of course, explain the existence of that genius in a humble soil, nor Shakespeare's alleged

erudition. As to the first point, this can never have an explanation. Genius is an Act of God: as Shakespeare's genius is unique, parallels to it are no rarer in his circumstances than in Bacon's. As a fact, poetical genius of any kind is, I think, more frequent among the sons of provincial business men than among philosophers or Lords Chancellor. I cannot recall any lawyer who was also a poet; on the other side we might quote Marlowe, Milton, Gray, Keats, and, though all, except Keats, were Cambridge men, it is impossible (though it would be pleasant) to suppose that Cambridge can create genius where none exists.

In dealing with Shakespeare's learning we are on different ground. Here again great illogicality prevails. As M. Jusserand has remarked, we know that John of Gaunt's playing on his name is imitated from Sophocles' Ajax, and it is therefore easy to assume that the scene of Pistol and his French captive after Agincourt was also copied from a similar scene in an ancient Greek play—which was first discovered, in an Egyptian papyrus, thirty years ago. Either the author of *Henry V.* was clairvoyant as well as learned—or else we have made a serious hole in the argument that rests on literary parallels. It is absurd to suppose that two writers cannot arrive at the same conception independently. Again, Baconians are so obsessed with the amount of Shakespeare's learning that they fail to notice its quality. Bacon was a man of wide but also (one supposes) accurate learning. The author of the plays possessed the first attribute, but most emphatically lacked the second. Being a dramatist, he was interested in men, not in facts; and never took the trouble to check or correct even an obvious inaccuracy in his material—a habit of mind surely very detrimental to success at the Bar. The sea-coast of Bohemia and the island of "Delphos" are well-known examples; but perhaps a better one is found in *Coriolanus* (II. iii. 250) where Brutus is made to refer to several men born centuries after his death. No one who knew Roman history at all well could fail to perceive that Plutarch (from whom the reference is taken) is here adding an historical note to his story, using his own later knowledge to comment on what his character said. It is simply

impossible to believe that Bacon was taken in like this. Exactly the same argument applies to Shakespeare's alleged legal learning. As Mr. Charles Allen (*Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question*, 1900) and Mr. J. M. Robertson (*The Baconian Heresy*, 1913) have shown, the author's knowledge of law was extremely inaccurate. Baconians may take their choice: their hero may be a great poet or an efficient Lord Chancellor, but not both.

In concluding this section, let us note how exactly this estimate of Shakespeare's learning tallies with his position as a theatrical "reporter." The learning displayed by the modern daily Press is of precisely the same type. It covers a multitude of subjects, and with each shows just sufficient familiarity to impress the average man, the man who has no special knowledge of the subject in question. The expert, on the other hand, will discover inaccuracies and absurdities in every paragraph he reads on his own subject. The good reporter need not be a learned man, but he must be interested in everything; and this (added to a unique and accidental genius for poetry and drama) exactly describes Shakespeare the author; and we may notice that these like effects are produced, as we should expect, by like causes—the necessity for a popular writer of having something to say on every subject that interests his audience. With Shakespeare as the author, everything fits in; with Bacon, nothing.

There are some special pieces of knowledge on which Baconians set much store. Such is the familiarity with the Court of Navarre, shown in *Love's Labour's Lost*, a point put forward in Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor's article. Now, admitting that Bacon knew all about the Court of Navarre, how can we be sure that Shakespeare did not? As one of the "sharers" of the Chamberlain's men, it would be nothing unusual for him to become fairly intimate with noblemen,* and it is by no means impossible that he knew Bacon himself. Bacon was a member of

*Compare the Earl of Pembroke's remark about a play in 1619, "which I being tender-harted could not endure to see so soone after the loss of my old acquaintance Burbadg" (quoted by Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, II., 308). This, I think, disposes of the Baconian contention that Shakespeare could not have been acquainted with the Earl of Southampton.

Gray's Inn, and took a prominent part in arranging several theatrical productions there* (though he was never allowed to write anything); and the Chamberlain's men performed one of Shakespeare's plays in Gray's Inn—the *Comedy of Errors*, on December 28th, 1594. That these two men, who were both, probably, assisting in the management of this affair, were acquainted is not at all unlikely. Shakespeare, the dramatist, always on the look-out for a likely plot, and keenly interested in all kinds of things, would seize avidly on the varied and exotic information which Bacon, the man who took all knowledge for his province, could give him. Bacon, we are told, could speak to every class of man in his own language. How is this known, if not because he did so? And why, in view of this, should we assume that he was any less catholic in his acquaintanceships than Pembroke?

Thus, there is no inherent impossibility in supposing that these scraps of knowledge which, it is alleged, were exclusively Bacon's, should have been derived from him, but used by Shakespeare. It is easier to suppose this than to set aside the mass of evidence which establishes Shakespeare's authorship.

We have, first, the testimony of Ben Jonson in the *Discoveries*, and of Heminge and Condell in the preface to the First Folio.† Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor have derived an argument from Jonson's prefatory verses to the Folio, but they do not mention the preface or the *Discoveries*. Naturally; for the editors state, definitely and unambiguously, that the plays are the work of their "worthy Friend & Fellow," "our Shakespeare." They may have been ignorant of the truth; but Heminge, who had created the part of Falstaff and kept the Company's accounts all through Shakespeare's career, is more likely to have known it than anybody except, perhaps, Burbage. Jonson's criticism of Shakespeare, it will be remembered,

* Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, III., 212-213.

† Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor enquire who arranged the Folio collection, revising some plays, including some plays and excluding others. It could not have been the author who did this, for the editors expressly state with regret, in both prefaces, that he was dead, and therefore could not oversee their work. In view of this it is unthinkable that Bacon (who was still alive) did so. The idea that plays not previously published were new is also false. All but two (*Shrew*, *Timon*) can be definitely dated in Shakespeare's lifetime.

deals partly with his works, partly with his character. The two are so confused that it is impossible to believe that Jonson knew he was writing of two different men. His opinion of Bacon, as an orator, was: "The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end"; of Shakespeare, as a writer, that "he flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat.*" The contradiction is direct. If Jonson's evidence were accepted as authoritative, it alone would rule Bacon out.

We have next to notice the familiarity displayed in the plays, especially *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives*, and *Henry IV., Part Two*, with Shakespeare's own Cotswold country.* This evidence is quite as good as the Baconian indications in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Then we know that the author of the Sonnets had "made himself a motley to the view"; it would be hypersensitive affectation for a dramatist to say this, but natural for an actor. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the plays were written by an actor. The only thoroughly undramatic and unnecessary passages in the great plays are the two in *Hamlet* (II. ii. 350 ff., III. ii. 1-40), both of which deal with the profession of acting. It is noticeable how often metaphors and pictures relating to the actor's craft leap to the minds of the most unlikely and unsuitable people—of Othello (I. ii. 83), of Macbeth (V. v. 24), of Coriolanus (V. iii. 40), even of Cassius (*Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 111), of whom we are expressly told "he loves no plays."

Let us now turn our attention to Bacon. Much capital is made of the parallelisms of thought and phrase between his acknowledged works and Shakespeare's; but such parallels can be traced through the whole body of Elizabethan drama, as was proved by Bayley's *The Shakespeare Symphony*, and we can hardly be expected to believe that Bacon wrote it all. Moreover, it is quite as easy to find the most striking divergences of outlook; so much so, that that fine critic Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie has said that "it is psychologically impossible that the mind of Bacon could have produced *Hamlet*."

A great deal of trouble is expended by Baconians in quoting the veiled allusions to Bacon's authorship.

* Herford, *Recent Shakespearean Investigation*, p. 3.

(Similar and equally numerous allusions have been found for the Earls of Oxford and Derby.) They need not be dealt with in detail, because all rest on fundamental contradictions of thought. Did Bacon wish his authorship kept secret? Then these veiled hints were made contrary to his wishes. But two of the famous frontispieces, of which so much has been made, appeared long after his death; so the publisher, if he desired thus to give away the secret of which he was the improper possessor, could have done so in so many words without fearing Bacon's displeasure; he had no need to resort to symbolism. If he feared Bacon's relatives or friends, who knew the secret and wished it kept, then his pictorial hint at the truth exposed him to their anger as much as the plain statement did. In short, the use of symbolism is irreconcilable with the theory that the secret was held by unauthorised persons. Therefore it was Bacon himself or his executors who caused these veiled hints to appear. Why? Presumably because he desired posthumous fame. But if so why did he not claim it definitely? It could do him no harm then. And, in any case, if these hints mean anything at all, they show that Bacon desired his secret to become public property: then why did he not take reasonable steps to make it so? He must have known that his friends would have difficulty in substantiating so extraordinary a claim, with no better backing than these ambiguities. This posthumous secrecy of Bacon's is strange enough, but it becomes absolutely inexplicable when combined with his half-hearted efforts to communicate the truth. His actions, as imagined by Baconians, are not those of a man anxious to divulge the secret (if so, why did he do it only by hints?) —nor of a man anxious to keep it (if so, why did he publish even those?). In fact, they are the actions of an idiot, and I cannot defer to Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor in assigning them to Bacon.*

The same fundamental absurdity invests the hints made during his lifetime. If these mean what Baconians

* The same argument would apply to the so-called cyphers in the First Folio; but, even without Professor Pollard's researches into the origins of that text, it is obvious to anyone who consults the Folio that a cypher, which depends entirely on absolute accuracy of printing, would have been reduced to sheer gibberish in the hands of the compositors who set up the Folio.

suppose, it follows that many people in his lifetime knew the secret. Yet after his death not one made any effort to announce it, not even after the publication of the frontispieces showed them that Bacon wished it known. They had no motive for silence; every consideration urged them to break it; yet they maintained it. Surely the most reasonable explanation of this behaviour is that they did not know the secret; and if we accept this, these references have no value. As for the prefatory verses of the Folio, quoted by Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor, these were written by Ben Jonson, and he, as we saw, certainly believed that Shakespeare was the author; so this can hardly bear the meaning imposed on it.

The reasons for supposing that Bacon was the author are thus dubious. The reasons for supposing he was not are overpowering. It is unlikely, though conceivable, that he was in sufficiently close touch with the other hack-dramatists of the theatre to enable him to work in close collaboration with them, as he apparently did in *Titus Andronicus*, *Henry VI*, *Timon*, *Pericles* and *Henry VIII*. But, supposing it true, why did he do so? Even if he had been willing, in his early days, to learn the craft in this manner, what induced him, later on in his career—when at the height of his dramatic powers and success—to lend his genius to helping out the shoddy work of other men in *Timon* and *Pericles*?

Let us extend this inquiry: for the question of motive is vital. Let it be admitted that the author of the plays, as a rising lawyer, dared not acknowledge them—though we must remember that Sackville, author of the first English tragedy in blank verse, afterwards became Privy Councillor, Knight of the Garter, and Lord High Treasurer of England. Still, let us suppose that the author of *Hamlet* had a motive for his secrecy. What motive had he for writing plays at all? The possible inducements are money, fame, the need for self-expression, and the desire to "procure the good of all men." Of the last, it may be said that it cannot be reconciled with Bacon's view in the Essay "Of Masques and Triumphs," and that such a phrase applied to the public theatre would have seemed to his contemporaries either ludicrous or impious. The first motive we may put aside at once. The average price of a play when

Shakespeare's career opened was about £6, and he averaged two a year.* Twelve pounds a year would be a drop in the ocean to a man of Bacon's expensive tastes. Fame Bacon repudiated by his secrecy; even posthumous fame (a poor thing at the best of times) he took no reasonable steps to secure, if indeed he took any. Self-expression will not explain his conduct. If he desired to place his works on the stage he could do so with no stigma at Court, as Sackville had, or in the Inns of Court, where he actually assisted in the production of his colleagues' plays. If these productions did not satisfy him, he could collect his own company of actors, as many noblemen did. If he could not afford this, he had at his disposal the exclusive private theatres, to which the taste of the nobility definitely inclined. In any of these spheres he could have "procured the good of all men" without appearing "in a despised weed." But no: he must choose the public theatres. Though constantly girding at the conditions under which he had to work,† he continued voluntarily to submit his genius to them. Disgusted as he evidently was by the taste of much of his audience, and by the atmosphere of the public theatres, he yet made no effort to find a more congenial *milieu*. If his avowed intention to "procure the good of all men" is held to explain this choice of the popular playhouses, it is absolutely contradicted by his methods. Had that been his aim he would have taken pains to give his genius free play, in order that not a fraction of the priceless treasure should be misspent, and he would have striven always to give the public his best. On the contrary: he constantly wrote with such speed and carelessness as to reduce his work to the level of mediocrity (*Merry Wives*, *Troilus*, Act V., *Measure for Measure*, Acts IV.-V.); he wasted his genius in collaboration with other men, obviously for no purpose but to make theatrically effective a play which even then could have no great value (*Pericles*, *Timon*); he hurriedly adapted worthless old plays, adding hardly a touch of his transforming power—

* Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, I., 373. Shakespeare's income, which was considerable, was of course derived from his position as a "sharer" in the company, and later as a part-proprietor of the Globe, not directly from the sale of his plays.

† *Henry V.*, *Prologue*, 10 ff.; *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. ii. 219; *Hamlet*, II. ii. 470, 530, III. ii. 1-50, 267; Sonnet cx.

again, doing just what was necessary for theatrical success (*Henry VI.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Taming of the Shrew*); above all, he never troubled to give his genius free play by inventing a story,* but took the plots and stories his audience already knew and loved, and poured his genius into an alien mould. If this was Bacon's method of "procuring the good of all men," or even of self-expression, it was the method of a madman. In Shakespeare, who, besides these motives, had his living to earn, it was natural; and his unique triumph is that he accomplished all these aims—in the words of the late Sir Walter Raleigh "his audience asked for blood and melodrama and he gave them *Hamlet*."

Last year a book was published at Cambridge entitled *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas More,"* and containing essays by Professor A. W. Pollard, Dr. W. W. Greg, Sir E. M. Thompson, Mr. Dover Wilson, and Professor R. W. Chambers. Their contentions, which relate to a passage of 147 lines in this manuscript play, are: That this passage was written as it was composed; that it was composed by the man who composed the plays of Shakespeare; and that it was written by the man who signed Shakespeare's will. Clearly, as Professor Pollard points out, these contentions, if allowed, reduce the Baconian theory to fragments at one blow. I have not yet been able to see the Baconian reply to this book; its existence must, of course, be assumed, for as long as the arguments of Professor Pollard and his coadjutors remain unanswered, no Baconian could be so bold as to lift up his voice in public. It is very regrettable, in view of the vital importance of this matter to the existence of their theory, that Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor have not seen fit to mention either Professor Pollard's book or their own colleagues' reply to it.

*The suggestion that the *Merchant of Venice* is autobiography on Bacon's part (as he had had a similar experience with a Jew) need not be considered. There was no Portia in Bacon's adventure; as she must have come from Fiorentino's story, it is reasonable to suppose that the rest of the plot did so too. Moreover it is impossible to believe that the author of the play, whoever he was, intended to portray himself in the character of Bassanio.

Realism and Mr. Munro

By Horace Shipp

Storm, by C. K. Munro. (Ambassadors; transferred to Royalty.)
The Pavlova Season. (Covent Garden.)

As I write, at the commencement of a theatrically busy third week in September, the autumn season of play production has but newly begun. A couple of musical comedies, an Ian Hay play bordering between comedy and farce, and one or two of those curious stage narratives which seem to have strayed from between the pages of railway bookstall literature, have risen from the coverts; and two American pieces are promised—a semi-religious play by Channing Pollock, and a successful production of the New York Theatre Guild which will give us a further opportunity of seeing the acting of Tom Douglas. But so far the only things which call for consideration by people seriously preoccupied with the theatre are Mr. C. K. Munro's *Storm*, produced at the Ambassadors and now transferred to the Royalty, and the short season of Pavlova Ballet at Covent Garden.

At the poles asunder in theatrical art, they might almost stand for the extremes of fact and fancy on the stage. Pavlova, adorable as ever, with the brilliant assistance of Volinine and Novikoff, and of her fine *corps de ballet*, holding us spellbound with her art of ballet—surely the most highly artificial and to many of us the most satisfying of all forms of stage art—and C. K. Munro presenting us with yet another of his photographs from the life retouched with a suggestion of caricature.

Their diversity speaks much for the catholicity of the theatre.

Mr. C. K. Munro has taken his place in the ranks of the considerable dramatists. His two long political plays, *The Rumour* and *Progress*, have been recently performed by the Stage Society; and, of quite another *genre*, his comedy of boarding house life, *At Mrs. Beam's*, was one of the good things which came from the Everyman Theatre to a successful run in the West End.

The Stage Society productions created attention alike

by their themes and by the peculiar technique employed. The former certainly were daring and imposing enough, being nothing less than an epitome of the methods of modern diplomacy, war-making and statecraft in the first play; and of conquest, colonisation and the higher finance in the second. These things, that is to say, were presented as Mr. Munro saw them, with no other comment than the implicit satire of their inevitable results. The author's manner was as amazing as his matter. It consisted of the presentation of his themes by the display of a vast number of facets; characters moving through short scenes so that the whole history in cause and effect was slowly built up, omitting (it often seemed to the audience) nothing of what happened, and showing in painstaking detail the reactions and relationships of the various units in this game of civilisation. With something of the kinema about it, and a maddening amount of repetition, with an occasional political speech thrown in *verbatim*, Mr. Munro's work would keep us in the theatre for four and a half hours, and would have proved quite unendurable had he not been dealing, rightly or wrongly, with something worthy the attention of adult intelligences, and had he not shown again and again a dramatist's grasp of a good stage situation, and a satirist's power of confronting erring humanity with its cherished sins and their least desirable offspring.

Curiously enough, this technique of long-windedness and almost photographic realism was dubbed "expressionism" by certain critics who evidently were unable to distinguish one thing from its opposite. But with error and insight these plays *were* discussed, and on the whole it was felt that the Stage Society was performing the function which it has allotted to itself and so excellently fulfils of presenting important plays which its members were unlikely to have the opportunity of seeing on the stage of an ordinary theatre. They were plays for the thinking person. One might come away from *The Rumour* or *Progress* arguing furiously that these machinations and combinations of fools, knaves and blind chance were not really the things which set nations at each other's throats and patched up dangerous and ephemeral peace, but at least Mr. Munro, having his somewhat lengthy say, had used the theatre as a place to present a worth-while problem in contemporary affairs. It was agreed also, I believe,

to be a pity that these two plays were so alike in type and theme; and some of us had a suspicion that Mr. Munro's mistaken penchant for getting an effect by repetition had extended itself to the point of writing the same play twice.

At Mrs. Beam's also had Stage Society production some years before its revival at Hampstead. In spite of its difference from the long political plays, it had certain points of resemblance; but it was much more ordinary in its intention and method, being confined to the telling of an amusing story of boarding-house life in the conventional three-act setting. It anticipated his later manner by a use of repetition; characters said or did one thing over and over again till it achieved a monumental insignificance in one's mind and remained indelibly written as the clue to their individualities. The play was bitter comedy—laughter at the tragedy of unfulfilled and meaningless lives—and one could not but feel that its author must be quite heartlessly young.

Now, in accordance with his reputation for reiteration, Mr. Munro has given us another play of exactly the same kind. The boarding house is changed for the slightly more exalted *milieu* of a country hydropathic hotel; the situation is again the flutter in this dovecote at the passing of a doubtfully allied couple, and the satire directed against the lurking spinsters whose too-sympathetic friendships for the male guests bring them into conflict with the wives lawful and other. Amusing as the play is, it is not good enough for its author's reputation. The plot is too thin to sustain the weight of a three-act play, and the work is still marred, to my mind, by a cruelty of laughter for which the author can no longer plead the excuse of youthfulness. It would be well if Mr. Munro schooled himself a little on the Russians, and salted his scorn of futile lives with a little pity for their futility; we could laugh at them with an easier conscience if their portraitist permitted us sometimes to weep for them. Moreover, we have a slightly better opinion of our fellows than he seems to enjoy, and I venture to suggest that the audience felt happier watching the few moments of decent feeling when Storm renounced her claim upon Arthur Blount, than at the most effective bull's-eyes of Mr. Munro's barbed wit.

If *Storm* were not being brilliantly acted, prob-

ably the author's reputation would suffer more. Jean Cadell's performance as Miss Gayler can stand alongside her study of Miss Shoe in the earlier play; her truth to the type portrayed makes her absolutely maddening at moments, so that her "Dear Old Boy" with which she inveigles successive victims makes one want to scream. Elissa Landi's Storm makes good work of the wider range of emotions which the author has given her; whilst Hugh Wakefield's performance as the Hon. Arthur Blount tiptoes daringly along the border line of farce without ever stepping over from legitimate comedy, so that he is a joy during the whole time he is on the stage.

Mr. Munro's light plays of insignificant people, no less than his heavy plays of significant people, bring us up against the question of the realist on the stage. His method is the transcription of people and events. His comedies succeed or fail by the lifelikeness of the people portrayed—they are more than all else comedies of character; and the serious work depends also primarily upon his truth to the facts. One cannot but believe that in his social plays Mr. Munro is a man with a mission, trying to show us where our methods of running the world are wrong. It becomes legitimate for us, therefore, to test his capacity for observation by the prowess displayed in the lighter work. Strangely, as always when the theatre is striving for realism, the test fails. Mr. Munro's individuality cannot keep the artist's necessity of selection out of his plays, and even when he has renounced the method of clarity by single statement, and is depending upon Nature's wasteful method of repetition, we get no nearer to fact.

Perhaps that is why the pure art form of ballet, saying what it has to say in a language of abstract beauty and transcendental truth, can prove more satisfying, more helpful, more meaningful, than any form of realism on the stage. The art which it brings to illuminate life evokes no cross references to life itself; it is Platonic rather than Aristotelian, synthetic rather than analytic, beauty itself which includes truth and not truth which has failed to include beauty.

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The North-West Frontier of India

By

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

On page 589.

Empire Notes

THERE still seems to be a good deal of confusion about the proposed Dominions Conference to discuss the improvement of the system of consultation—if any system actually exists—between the British Government and the Governments of the Dominions, particularly in regard to foreign policy. It appears from statements made by Mr. Thomas during his South African tour that the Union Government was hesitating as to whether to send a representative to the Conference. As the result of the explanations given by the Colonial Secretary the matter was reconsidered by the Hertzog Cabinet, which has, it seems, now agreed to send a Minister—possibly Mr. Tielman Roos. The misunderstandings that have occurred in connection with the British

Dominions Conference

Government's invitation are in themselves sufficient to indicate the necessity for an alteration of the present system of intra-Empire consultations. In the unofficial sphere it is pleasing to note that Mr. Thomas, in the course of the meeting of the Empire Parliamentary delegates held at Maseru—is Basutoland to become the Switzerland of South Africa politically as well as geographically?—invited the delegates to meet again in London next year, a suggestion which was unanimously approved. Closer contact between the Parliamentary rank and file of the self-governing units of the Empire may do much to counteract the ill-effects of the misunderstandings between Governments which have lately occurred with distressing frequency.

The Sudan

It is difficult to regard the meeting between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Zaghlul Pasha with optimism. The viewpoints of the countries which they represent are so completely opposed that an early agreement as to the future of the Sudan would be too much to expect. Recent utterances by Mr. MacDonald and other Ministers, if taken at their face value, would suggest that the Labour Government has no intention of weakening on the question of the maintenance of our position in the Sudan. Yet, in view of the sequence of events in connection with the draft Soviet Treaty, some doubt is pardonable as to whether the stiffening will not go out of the British Government in the face of a resolute attitude on the part of Zaghlul, who can certainly count on assistance from the anti-British coterie amongst the present Government's supporters which proved sufficiently powerful to enforce its will in the matter of the Soviet Treaty. It is quite plain that the Egyptians, recalling what has happened in India, Ireland and elsewhere, have, not unjustifiably, ceased to regard the declarations of British Ministers as irrevocable.

Settlement in Western Australia

Hitherto Western Australian immigration policy has been mainly concerned with the settlement of newcomers with little or no capital, although the State offers great opportunities for pastoral development to those possessed of a reasonable amount of cash. A new organisation—

which has not, so far as we are aware, any official status—known as the "London and Western Australian Association," was formed recently at a meeting which included three former Governors of the State and three ex-Agents-General, to establish the necessary machinery in Perth to encourage and assist the migration of young men with capital. The functions of the London branch will be to get in touch with families who are looking for opportunities for their sons in the Dominions. The Western Australian branch will undertake to find positions on sheep and cattle stations or large farms for the young men in question, to enable them to acquire the necessary training and local experience. When ready to launch out for himself the prospective "squatter" will be given sound advice in regard to the acquisition of a property and, if of the right type, his success should then be assured, since the pastoral industry has given excellent returns in recent years, and there seems little immediate prospect of the demand for wool falling below the supply. There has been a tendency for this class of young settler to go to British Columbia, South Africa (whose immigration propaganda is directed specially towards attracting it), Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Kenya. Western Australia, in attempting to secure a proportion of the flow, is setting an example that other parts of the Commonwealth will probably follow.

Empire "Rugger"

THE results of the games played by the British "Rugger" team in South Africa and the first games played by the latest New Zealand "All Black" team in this country seem to show that the immense superiority over British "Rugger" which was displayed by both New Zealand and South Africa in the decade preceding the war is a thing of the past. It is true that the British team lost the rubber in the international matches with South Africa and was defeated by some of the district fifteens, but there were no runaway scores recorded against it, and it was successful against some of the strongest South African teams. In view of the fact that a visiting team playing in South Africa is always at the disadvantage of having to accustom itself to changes of altitude varying from sea level to nearly 6,000 feet above it there is no reason to suppose that the success of

the "Springboks" in the international games would necessarily be repeated by a South African team playing in England, and the moderate scores of this season's "All Black" team in their first matches against English county sides when compared with those of the previous "All Blacks" confirm the impression that British "Rugger" is once more able to give a good account of itself against the best Dominion players. The international matches of the coming winter between England, Wales, and Ireland and the "All Blacks" should be battles of giants. Unfortunately Scotland, which only recently ended its boycott of France, appears to have detected what it regards as a tinge of professionalism in the New Zealand team and will not meet it.

Retrogression in Tanganyika

THE administration of Tanganyika Territory has been severely criticised from time to time for various sins of omission and commission. Sir Alfred Sharpe, who was the first Governor of Nyasaland, on his return from a shooting expedition across the southern part of the Territory, gave a fresh instance of neglect. He says that owing to the inaction of the authorities, roads which were fit for motor traffic at the Armistice have reverted to bush. The journey from the shores of Lake Nyasa to Songea, which could formerly be performed in six hours by car, now occupies six days of hard walking. Sir Alfred pithily describes the transition from Nyasaland to Tanganyika Territory as like stepping backwards thirty years.

The North-West Frontier of India*

By Lord Montagu of Beaulieu,
K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.I.M.E., A.I.C.E., Memb. Inst. of Transport

From a geographical point of view, India is left behind and Central Asia is entered when the Indus is crossed. Though the racial characteristics, the political institutions, and the rule of the Indian Empire, generally speaking, do not cease till the watersheds dividing the Indus from the Helmund and the Oxus are reached, all the North-West Frontier from Kashmir to Karachi has more to do with Central Asia than it has with India. Owing to geographical conditions, there has never been an invasion of India from the east. Nor has there been any attempt on the part of any Indian emperors or military potentates to make military expeditions to the westward. Invasions of India have always come from the west. Therefore Central Asia has influenced India and the history of India very largely ever since the earliest times, but India has had but little influence over Central Asia.

Afghanistan and Baluchistan are largely affected also by Turkestan and Persia respectively, and in the Pamirs, the region where China, Russia, and the British Empire meet, the interests of all these three great Powers are continually affected by the various turbulent peoples who live on the western slopes of the Himalayan ranges.

Most continental nations have many land frontiers, but it is a curious fact that the British Empire, with a bigger area than any of them, comprising so much of the world, has only one land frontier on which it is necessary to keep a strong military force—namely, the North-West Frontier of India. Of the great British nations overseas,

* Address delivered to the Central Asian Society. Republished by kind permission.

Canada, it is true, has a continental frontier, stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic, some 3,000 miles in length as the plane flies. But this frontier along Latitude 49 is adjacent to a friendly non-military and highly civilised nation, and only a few custom-house posts exist on either side. The frontiers of the Dominion of the Cape and of the West and East African Colonies are merely concerned with primitive tribes, nowadays harmless, while Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, and the smaller colonies are large or small islands girded by the sea, and naval, not military defence is their concern.

The North-West Frontier of India is also peculiar and interesting because upon it fighting has existed—as part of the local daily life—since prehistoric times, and so far as one can see sporadic warfare in its neighbourhood is never likely to cease altogether. There are always tribes or sections of tribes influenced by blood or property feuds, and from time to time combining together to attack our outposts or to make raids upon the neighbouring forces of law and order. Luckily, however, these tribes never combine for long, but they are at times formidable—more so lately—because they possess nowadays modern rifles, while they have also learned much of our methods in strategy and tactics from our own drill-books and military system. Many Trans-Border Pathans also served in the Great War in our armies, and have become extremely clever at taking cover, arranging ambushes, and attacking convoys of supplies. To thousands of the male population of the North-West Frontier fighting on a big or small scale is the normal occupation of their lives, and as a Frontier chief once said to me: "I only know one trade, a man's trade—war," and with gleaming eyes he touched the hilt of his dagger.

The North-West Frontier of India extends from the Indian Ocean in the south some twenty miles west of Karachi to the point in the Pamirs where the three empires of India, China, and Russia meet. At the moment Russia is non-existent as an organised military power, but in regard to this I would sound a note of grave warning, and deprecate any weakening of our Frontier forces, for no one can tell when the small Bolshevist army now in Eastern Turkestan may be reinforced and reorganised, and

make its appearance as a formidable force on some part of the North-West Frontier, with all the modern means of warfare, such as aircraft, tanks and gas. Out of the 1,200 miles of Frontier, nearly every mile is mountainous, but at the moment only about 500 miles can be said to be a constant source of danger. This part of the Frontier to which I refer starts from the south in the neighbourhood of Quetta, in Baluchistan, the headquarters of the 4th Division, and extends northwards each side of the Zhob River and on over the Gumal and Zam Rivers. Thence it crosses the Tochi River west of Datta Khel, and then follows the Kurram Valley to Kalachi Post and the Peiwar Kotal, the pass over the western end of the Safed Koh. Thence it turns sharply eastwards along the watershed of that range and crosses the Khyber Pass road between Dacca and Lundi Khana. Here it turns eastwards again and crosses the Kabul and Swat Rivers, and so on along the northern and western edges of the Peshawar Plain to the Malakand Pass, running eastwards thence and crossing the Indus some twenty miles north of Attock. From there the line trends northwards into the Black Mountain country north of Abbothabad, and eventually reaches a point where it joins the State of Kashmir near Garwhi Habibullah. North of this, if we follow the frontier of the State of Kashmir, which is under the protection of the Indian Government, we eventually come to Chitral and Gilgit, close to the slopes of Nunga Purbat, in the opinion of many the most beautiful mountain in the world and the third in height. Eventually the Frontier comes to the point in the Pamirs where the three empires meet to which I have already alluded. In this description of the Frontier, I have not attempted to follow accurately what is known as the Durand Line, the work of Colonel Sir Mortimer Durand, which is in many places many miles beyond our effective frontier. But I have taken the Frontier which we hold and administer to-day by the exercise of civil or military jurisdiction.

It is from the Malakand Pass in the north to Quetta in the south, a distance of about 500 miles as the plane flies, and probably about 650 miles as the Frontier runs, which is known as the Frontier in a military sense. Our position upon this section would at first sight seem

untenable from a military point of view. The enemy forces number between 600,000 and 700,000 men, of whom about 250,000 are armed with modern rifles, while the rest are armed with inferior firearms or matchlocks, jezails and other quaint weapons. Against these numbers our local military strength is, numerically speaking, always remarkably inferior. And this Frontier presents one peculiar feature which is hardly found elsewhere in the world, so far as I know. While our troops hold the main lines of road and rail communication, which naturally run along the valleys, most of them fairly well populated and fertile, the enemy occupies the hill-tops and the ridges between the valleys. Therefore, from a military point of view our strategical position is always dangerous and unsound, for these valleys, weakly defended salients, the longest of them 120 miles in length, are all of them commanded from higher ground, and until lately there have been no lateral roads which could be used for troops on a considerable scale or for mechanical transport, except between the bases of each salient. To take four instances. From Kohat the road runs up westwards for 120 miles through Thal to Parachinar. Again, from Bannu the road extends some sixty-five miles westwards up to the Tochi Valley to Dardoni, and another twenty miles on to the Datta Khel, while further south we have now pushed a road up the Zam River to Jandola and on to Sararogha, while there is also new road communication to Wano up the Gumal Valley, and to Fort Sandeman up the Zhob Valley. The valleys and ridges between these points are comparable to a man's hand outstretched with the fingers widely extended. Between the knuckles, that is, at the bases, there is close touch, but between the finger-joints, representing the road heads, empty spaces. The extension of roads, however, on the Frontier, begun in 1915, has proceeded with considerable energy during the last four or five years. This is due largely to Lord Rawlinson's persistence in keeping to the front a forward road policy. Though the present programme is nearly completed, eventually it is to be hoped that there will be a complete and continuous lateral frontier road from Quetta in the south right up to Thal by way of the Zhob Valley, Manzai, Jandola, Razmak, Edak, Spinwam, and thence by a bridge over the Kurram River

to Thal. Already a portion of this line is complete, roads having now been made from Thal to Edak in the Tochi Valley, and from Edak by Razmak to Jandola, and thence to Kirghi and the Gumal River. Many of these roads—for instance, the section from Kirghi to Jandola and from Edak to Razmak—have been made despite constant opposition and sniping by local tribes, and in the face of many natural difficulties, involving much rock-blasting, the bridging of rivers where floods have been known to rise forty feet perpendicularly in twenty-four hours, and the provision of reasonable gradients along or over very steep hillsides. These lateral roads cross over the two older main roads which lead up the Kurram and Tochi valleys. Altogether, the road system on the North-West Frontier is far superior to that which existed when I first had the honour of taking up my duties in connection with roads and transport in 1915. I feel sure that the Government of India is now convinced of the value of roads on the Frontier, both in peace and war. Neither is the Frontier sound from a geographical point of view—that is, it is not a frontier defined by watersheds or big rivers. The only natural frontier to the westward is the waterless desert of Eastern Baluchistan, and the highest ridges of some of the Western Himalayas in the far north. From the racial and administrative point of view Frontier politics are a jumble of interests, which, so long as they continue to exist, make our task easier.

We see constantly in some of the Indian native press, and, I am sorry to say, in the less well-informed press here, criticisms of the British forces, or British officered Indian forces, chiefly on the ground of the expense to the revenue of India. But the justification for maintaining large British forces in India, amounting in theory to about 75,000 British troops and 225,000 of Indian Army, 300,000 men in all, is that these 500 miles of North-West Frontier must be held strongly for the sake of all India. There must be adequate forces to repel anything in the nature of serious invasion from the west, whether Bolshevist, Afghan, or tribal. In the rest of India, east, say, of Lahore, the military forces are really a superior police force for internal security, and to act as the ultimate power behind the civil administration. On the other hand, the

divisions and brigades on the Frontier and in reserve for Frontier purposes—namely, the first, second, third and fourth divisions, and other forces in divisional or brigade frontier areas—have to be always in a state of preparedness for war, while the actual forces operating on the lines of communication along the Frontier itself are kept on active service conditions. Alone in the British Empire to-day these forces have to be kept year in and year out on a war footing, and only on the North-West Frontier, therefore, can the young and keen officers see and learn real warfare.

The Frontier from Quetta to the Malakand, too, is unique in other ways. Its extremes of heat and cold are unparalleled. I have myself suffered when the thermometer was 128° Fahr. in the shade at Dera Ismail Khan or Bannu in the month of June. I have experienced, equally, temperatures below zero at Parachinar in the month of January. Nowhere else in the world, so far as I know, are the extremes of heat and cold so wide apart. During the summer months it is difficult to keep in health, because the extreme heat brings with it liability to all kinds of fever, mostly water-borne diseases, to apoplexy and strained heart. In the winter it is difficult enough to keep warm in houses which are mainly designed for a hot climate. In the southern part of the area, on the borders of Baluchistan, the rainfall is under 8 inches in a year, while on the slopes of the Himalayas to the north 100 to 200 inches is quite common, and in big monsoon years these figures are exceeded. There are upon this frontier magnificent ranges such as the Safed Koh, of which one peak, Sikoram, at 16,500 feet is slightly higher than Mont Blanc, and the eastern ridges of the Hindoo Koosh, where altitudes over 20,000 feet are common. The small British force stationed at Gilgit do their work under the slopes of Nunga Purbat, whose exact height is said to be not very accurately determined, but is probably in excess of 28,500 feet.

On this Frontier are thousands of square miles of magnificent forest, where deodar, longifolia, and pine grow, thousands of square miles of thorn scrub, and yet more square miles of desert and drifting sand, mud hillocks and tumbled rock, mainly without a vestige of vegetation. Between Nushki and Quetta the scenes of weird desolation

are unparalleled. One might almost think that parts of the Frontier were the world's ash-heap. But with all this variety of scenery and climate, with all its disagreeable characteristics, there is something fascinating about the life there, which once it has entered into the soul of a man never afterwards leaves him. Whether it is the spice of daily personal danger, or the fierce alternations of heat and cold, or the variety of scenery and sky, or the sense of being on the fringe between civilisation and barbarism which attracts, I know not. The lure to the imagination of "the back of the ranges," as Kipling says, exists there, too. You are face to face with the primeval forces of nature, with their power to cause a fifty-foot rise in your local river in twenty-four hours, with a flood which sweeps away, scours and annihilates, with a blinding snowstorm, or with the continuous cannonading of the monsoon thunder and lightning which makes night like day. The mornings and evenings by camp fires, with skies serene, sunsets of turquoise and opal, a clearness of atmosphere, unrealisable in foggy Britain, are some compensations; and he who has smelt the smoke of burning deodar log or camel's dung in the evening, and of Mother Earth in the morning, will never forget the memories they bring.

Till recently the Frontier was the soundest school for military training, and the greatest of our British generals learned the art of war there. Till the great military upheaval of 1914-18 the frontier was certainly the only place in the British Empire in which active service was to be experienced several times a year, and in some cases continuously for several years.

In order to protect the North-West Frontier there is no doubt that easy transport and good roads are the first essentials. In 1886, Lord Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief in India, used the following words in a report to the Viceroy, every word of which is true to-day:—

> Meanwhile I would push on our communications with all possible speed. We must have roads, and we must have railways; they cannot be made on short notice, and every rupee spent upon them now will repay us tenfold hereafter. Nothing will tend to secure the safety of the Frontier so much as the power of rapidly concentrating troops on any threatened point, and nothing will strengthen our military position more than to open out the country and improve our relations with the Frontier tribes. There are no better civilisers than roads and railways: and although some

of those recommended to be made may never be required for military purposes, they will be of the greatest assistance to the civil power in the administration of the country.

These sentences might have been written yesterday, and they prove that Lord Roberts was not only a great soldier but a great prophet. Whatever slackness there may have been on the part of the Government of India in pushing forward the making of roads on the Frontier in past years, it is a pleasure to recall that since 1916 much has been done and work is still proceeding at the present moment on new lateral roads, and the improvement of the main lines of communication.

The problems of the Frontier group themselves mainly under three heads—financial, civilian, and military. All these three are branches of the same problem to a large extent, and they hang together, and our difficulties will be solved not at once but gradually, as I think, by the improvement of the means of communication. As I had the honour to point out in many reports when I was on the North-West Frontier, the road in the long run is mightier than arms, more powerful than the rupee, and a more enduring force for civilisation than many magistrates, judges, and code law. By its nature the Frontier is infertile, and much of the tribal unrest is the natural result of the want of food or of work to supply the means to buy food. Thousands of tribesmen living a very hard seminomad life, often on the verge of starvation, look down all the time upon fertile valleys beneath, full of prosperous cultivators and on villages with rich bunnias. These conditions make the tribesmen raid as much for the means of life as for any real hostility to our rule. But if you make roads, commerce quickly develops. Balis and Chitai mats, skins and deodar logs, are exchanged for paraffin, agricultural implements, cotton clothing, and grain. And the money-grabbing Pathan begins to love hunting the rupee better than hunting his fellow-men. To those who own anything and fear raids, the road means troops easily moved. Troops mean protection for property. Property means trading. Trading means civilisation. Civilisation means the turning of the sword into the ploughshare. These sequences are historic, natural, and inevitable, and the road is the basic cause. When I was in India I used to

endeavour to impress upon Viceroys, Commanders-in-Chief, and Supreme Councils, as did Lord Roberts, that money spent on roads was not only valuable in a military but in a civil sense, that road-making was cheaper and better than war-making. Now the beginnings of a change are apparent, and with the completion of a system of frontier roads which was begun in 1915 will gradually die out, firstly, the bigger tribal wars, then the lesser raids, and eventually there will be a peace, not of our European brand—an absence of armed action, combined with intensive preparations for the next war—but such a peace as is possible when there exist still the traditions of centuries of war as a kind of sport. The quarrelsome and fanatical character of the tribes will always keep alive warlike feeling, and the necessity for keeping order and law with rifle, bayonet, plane, armoured car, and mountain battery, will exist for years to come.

I cannot deal faithfully with Frontier matters without paying a tribute to those devoted men, living and dead, who have upheld our prestige upon the Frontier, whether as civilians or soldiers. Nowhere in the Empire is the work harder and the apparent worldly rewards smaller. Nowhere has the daily task to be performed under greater drawbacks, sometimes of climate, often of loneliness, always of constant personal danger by day and night. And not infrequently the Government of India, by an alteration or cancellation of a declared policy, callously or carelessly places their representatives in the impossible position of having to break faith with the tribes to whom a pledge has been given, or with our own people. What seems so easy in the Council chambers at Delhi or Simla means too often red war or bloody midnight raids to the Frontier. And always, and above all, there is the babu, the product of official India, constantly obstructive, continually clogging the wheels of progress.

Now, in 1924, it is almost impossible to realise that up to 1915 there was no mechanical transport in India and few roads in use on the Frontier. The camel, horse and donkey were the only means that the Army had to carry its supplies. It is wonderful to reflect how well, in spite of this, the Frontier was held and governed then, and during its various periods of alteration and extension.

Now the task is easier, and when all the roads projected are complete and the mobility of troops increased, the work should be easier still.

It is a curious fact that, while all the invasions of Europe have come from the east, the invasions of India and China have come from the west. It seems as if there was bubbling up somewhere in Central Asia from time to time, a kind of nomadic energy which has its birthplace between the Helmund, the Oxus, the Caspian, and the headwaters of the Obi and Yenesei in Siberia. The people living on these Central Asian plains, mostly pastoral in character, have always displayed nomadic tendencies, and they seem from time to time to be impelled to congregate together and migrate in armed forces in search of new and suitable countries in which to live. Whether this migratory instinct is caused by a physical need, such as by lack of food, or by some mysterious desire in the mind and soul for adventure which leads them to wander, it is difficult to say. No one can explain the migration of that mysterious little animal the lemming, who at intervals migrates in tens of thousands to the west coast of Norway, where it plunges into the sea and is drowned. But it is a curious fact that from Central Asia have come practically all the great world migrations, the causes of great alterations in empires. To the dweller in a more or less barren country, such as Central Asia, India must naturally seem a land flowing with milk and honey. From time immemorial rumours have reached the Kurds, Turkomans, Bokhariots, and Northern Persians of untold riches in India, of lovely houris, of land so fertile that three crops a year could be grown upon it, and these tales told round the camp fires and in the bazaars in the evening have set the races on these Asian plains coveting the lot of their richer neighbours. And the weather conditions, harsh winds, hot sunshine, and cold winters, have tended to eliminate the physically unfit and breed brave leaders and a virile race. Contrast this with the hotter and more enervating climate of India, with the easier conditions of life there, and it is clear why through the centuries the strength of character, resistance to attack, and the physique of most of the Indian races have proved inferior in war to the invaders from the north-west. It is lucky for India

that from Kashmir to the North-East Frontier of Burma, the Himalayan ranges act as insuperable barriers to any advancing foe. Thus it comes about that the North-West Frontier of India is the only part of the Indian Empire which has a frontier in a military, commercial and political sense.

In conclusion, I desire to protest against childlike faith in the undertakings of semi-barbaric peoples. Unpractical sentiment and a belief in the reasonableness of your adversary are out of place in dealing with those who believe in war as the greatest of professions. Equally we must always beware of unscrupulous enemies whose object it is to undermine, disintegrate, and overwhelm British influence because it stands for the security of law, life, and property. If ever the defence of the Frontier were to collapse as a result of political intrigue here or in India, or of an insufficiency of military forces on the spot, then the invasion and consequent ruin of Northern and Central India would follow inevitably. No amount of eloquence at Delhi or Simla, or of the local payment of blackmail, will deter for long or repel eventually the armed forces either of Bolshevists, Afghans, or of combinations of hostile Frontier tribesmen. In these regions force must be met by force. It is the only argument which carries weight. Moreover, a constant display of military power must be seen and appreciated daily by possible enemies if you wish for comparative peace. Diplomacy can do much at times, in certain directions, but there must always be the power of the sword behind it.

I believe, however, that gradually and eventually the civilising influence of roads will make itself felt, and that as years go on the advantages of peace will be impressed on the warlike Frontier tribes. At any rate, the fortunes of India and of Central Asia will always be linked together, and, given civilised rule again in Russia, our task of preserving peace will be lightened as years go on.

Correspondence

Production and Tariffs in Canada

HOWARD SMITH PAPER MILLS, LTD.,
MONTREAL.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—On page 754 of the May number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW you say :—

> **Owing to the high railway rates on goods sent from the industrial areas of Eastern Canada to British Columbia, Eastern Canadian manufacturers are finding that British and European exporters, aided by the exchange position, as well as by low ocean freights, are capturing a large share of the trade of Vancouver and its hinterland.**

You, apparently, do not realise how this competition from British and other European manufacturers is hampering the national development of Canada.

The principle of the Confederation of the Dominion of Canada in 1868 was to unite the various British provinces and to prevent their drifting into union with the United States. To assist this object, the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, joining the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia to Eastern Canada. In continuation of the same policy, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Trans-Continental Railways were built later. It was hoped that people would settle along the lines of these railways, and that traffic would move east and west throughout Canada and form part of the " All Red Route," linking up the different parts of the British Empire, instead of increasing north and south and drawing Canada closer to the United States.

The national policy of Protection, based on a Customs Tariff, was established in 1878 by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. This was a further step in the national growth of Canada, because it aimed at developing manufacturing as a necessary complement to agriculture, mining, fishing, and lumbering. Without a protective tariff, Canada cannot develop industrially, beyond the establishment of a few insignificant local industries.

The national policy has been a success, as the growth of manufacturing in Canada demonstrates. We are now producing about $3,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods annually and employ about 600,000 people.

Since the war the Canadian Customs Tariff has been reduced five times—in 1919, 1920, 1922, 1923, and 1924. The result has been a great increase in the importation of manufactured goods, especially

from the United States. The importations from Great Britain and other European countries have also greatly increased, with the assistance of depreciated currencies and wages, which are half, or less than half, those paid in Canadian factories.

As Canada is situated in the northern half of North America, with the long border line between Canada and the United States, the conditions of living are approximately the same as they are in the United States, and with that vast and wealthy country to the south of us, it is impossible for the scheme of Confederation to succeed unless practically the same tariff is used in Canada as in the United States.

As an example of this contention, one only has to look at the emigration of Canadians to the United States, and while Canada has been making frantic efforts to increase immigration, she is losing a very considerable portion of her own people. Instead of our absorbing the surplus population of Great Britain, we find these immigrants endeavouring to go to the United States, because the United States can afford to pay higher wages than are prevalent in Canada.

Your article on the McKenna duties expresses pretty well the ideas of the Canadian Protectionists. I quote from page 628 of your May issue :—

> In every industry covered by the duties the undeniable results have been largely increased employment, extensions of plant, confidence in making forward commitments, larger profits, with consequent increase in tax contributions to national revenue, and, owing to greater output, reductions in selling price, in some cases to below the pre-war level. The workers engaged in the various industries are almost unanimously in favour of the continuation of the duties.

With the vast commitments of national expenditure Canada has made to bind the East and West together, it is essential that trade should follow these transcontinental routes, and that Canada should develop industrially, to the fullest extent. I believe that in Canada we have the potentialities, the resources, and the population to make this country one of the great manufacturing countries of the world.

There is no question but that Great Britain has the undoubted right to put into effect the fiscal policy she believes to be of benefit to Great Britain, and while the fiscal policy she has chosen to adopt does not favour the Dominions, this is a matter that is entirely for Great Britain to decide.

While many of us had hoped for establishment of an Empire system of preferences, this hope has been so long deferred and seems so far from achievement now, that we believe that the Canadian Tariff should be framed for the benefit of the Canadian people. We believe that our tariff is the shield of the frontier and that, without it, this country is in danger of being absorbed by the United States.

On the other hand, this country, with a contented and growing population, earning good wages, would always be loyal to the British Empire, and a source of strength to it.

The preference granted in 1898 to the United Kingdom has not achieved the results hoped for, and it is a source of great danger to Canada at present.

The cost of living is entirely different in Great Britain from what

it is in Canada and the United States. The scale of wages follows the scale of living. I quote you a comparison of wages in a number of industries :—

	United Kingdom. Per Week.	Canada.
Pulp and Paper:		
Average	$13.20	$24.17
Shipbuilding:		
Average	11.70	21.00
Building Trades:		
Plumbers	16.50	55.00
Plasterers	16.20	55.00
Bricklayers	15.90	44.00
Carpenters	15.85	39.60
Labourers	11.65	20.00
Steel:		
(*a*) Iron Moulders	13.95	35.00
(*b*) Labourers	10.25	18.00
(*c*) Machinists	13.60	28.00

Being of British descent, and having a strong personal attachment to Great Britain, I deplore the tendency that has been shown in the repeal of the McKenna duties. Similar opinions are being expressed in Australia, the West Indies, and other parts of the British Empire.

I also believe that British manufacturers, in many cases, have tried to prevent industrial development in Canada. I quote from a speech delivered by Sir Henry Whitehead, President of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, at Bradford, on May 29th, 1923, according to the following report appearing in the *Wool Record and Textile World* of Bradford, issue of May 31st, 1923 :—

> Referring to a Board of Trade communication intimating that it was proposed to increase Canadian Preference on British goods from 2½ to 5 per cent., the President said the Bradford and Huddersfield Chambers could claim that this was solely due to their agitation. When the Franco-Canadian Commercial Agreement made it clear that British Preference would practically be wiped out, a West Riding deputation to the Board of Trade met with a very chilly reception and were told that nothing could be done. Mr. Tulloch, representing the Bradford, Huddersfield, and other Chambers of Commerce, subsequently interviewed the Minister of Finance and Customs in Ottawa, and the ultimate result of the representations was that the concession named was not introduced into the Canadian Budget. They might flatter themselves, added the President, that "direct action" in this matter had not been without effect.

I do not think that these policies are likely to strengthen the bonds between Canada and Great Britain. On the contrary, I fear that they will have the opposite effect.

I am, etc.,
C. HOWARD SMITH.

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